

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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Inventions in Guinness Time . . . 1795



THE UMBRELLA

It's become the latest craze to be seen on rainy days
 (And even when the weather has got finer)
 With a thing called an umbrella, which some demm'd subversive feller
 Has copied from the mandarins of China.

'Tis a scheme our foes have hit on to unman the true-born Briton—
 We shall have old Boney here if we forget
 That the way to fortify us is to keep a Guinness by us,
 And to let its Goodness cheer us in the wet.

Yet this sly Celestial fad is not wholly to the bad—
 When we're picnicking it merits our attention.
 Since it gives our Guinness shelter when the rain comes helter-skelter,
 It is truly a celestial invention.

Guinness is good for you



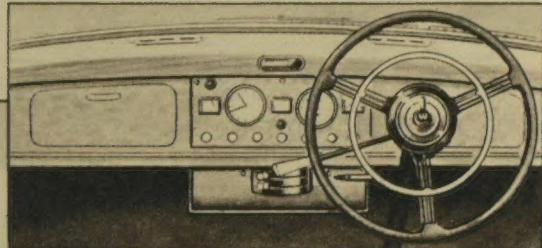
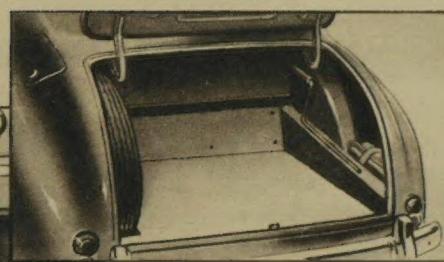
"Un-English, I call it."

The Wolseley Four-Fortyfour has a 4 cyl. o.h.v. engine of 1250 c.c. Excellent suspension and road-holding. Real English leather upholstery, pile carpets. Safety glass all round.



Noblesse is obliged to

If one is very rich, choosing a car is easy. The trick is to coincide expensive and discriminating tastes with a moderate income. This the Wolseley Four-Fortyfour is doing very successfully for many people who want something better than a multi-production model without having to pay a lot for it. It gives you about as good a performance as you can use on our roads, its superb comfort, suspension and visibility are quite remarkable in a 1½ litre and above all it looks what it is — a car of unmistakable character and distinction. Noblesse ought to be very obliged to Wolseley . . .



Craftsman-made panel in beautiful, polished walnut. Instruments and controls neatly and conveniently grouped.

Exceptionally wide and deep luggage locker with easily operated counter-balanced lid.

An efficient heating, demisting and ventilation unit is inbuilt, conveniently placed under the facia.

Buy wisely—buy

WOLSELEY

Four-Fortyfour

REMEMBER. Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.



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**Can 5d
sway a conference?**

Funny how a man's judgment can itself be judged by quite a small thing. This delegate, for instance, buys the cigarettes he prefers and doesn't grudge the extra 5d. for 20 they cost him. When the time comes to hand them round at the conference table, he finds that others know and like them too.

It was a successful conference. We don't say it wouldn't have been successful anyway but . . . could it be that "Three Castles" had something to do with it? Did those extra five pennies perhaps buy more than very good cigarettes? Confidence perhaps... success... who knows?

T.C.7

**Facts
about the most
DYNAMIC
WINTER
PETROLS**

Starting from cold is the major problem of winter motoring.

Winter Grade Regent T.T. and Regent Benzole Mixture are designed to counteract the worst winter conditions you can meet.

These petrols are specially *balanced in volatility*, to give you, even on the coldest day :

Instant starting

Fast warm-up

Rapid acceleration

Less strain on the battery

Shorter use of the choke

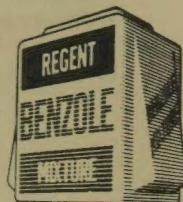
These benefits are guaranteed with volatane control.

Rely on Regent T.T. and Regent Benzole Mixture for dynamic winter motoring.

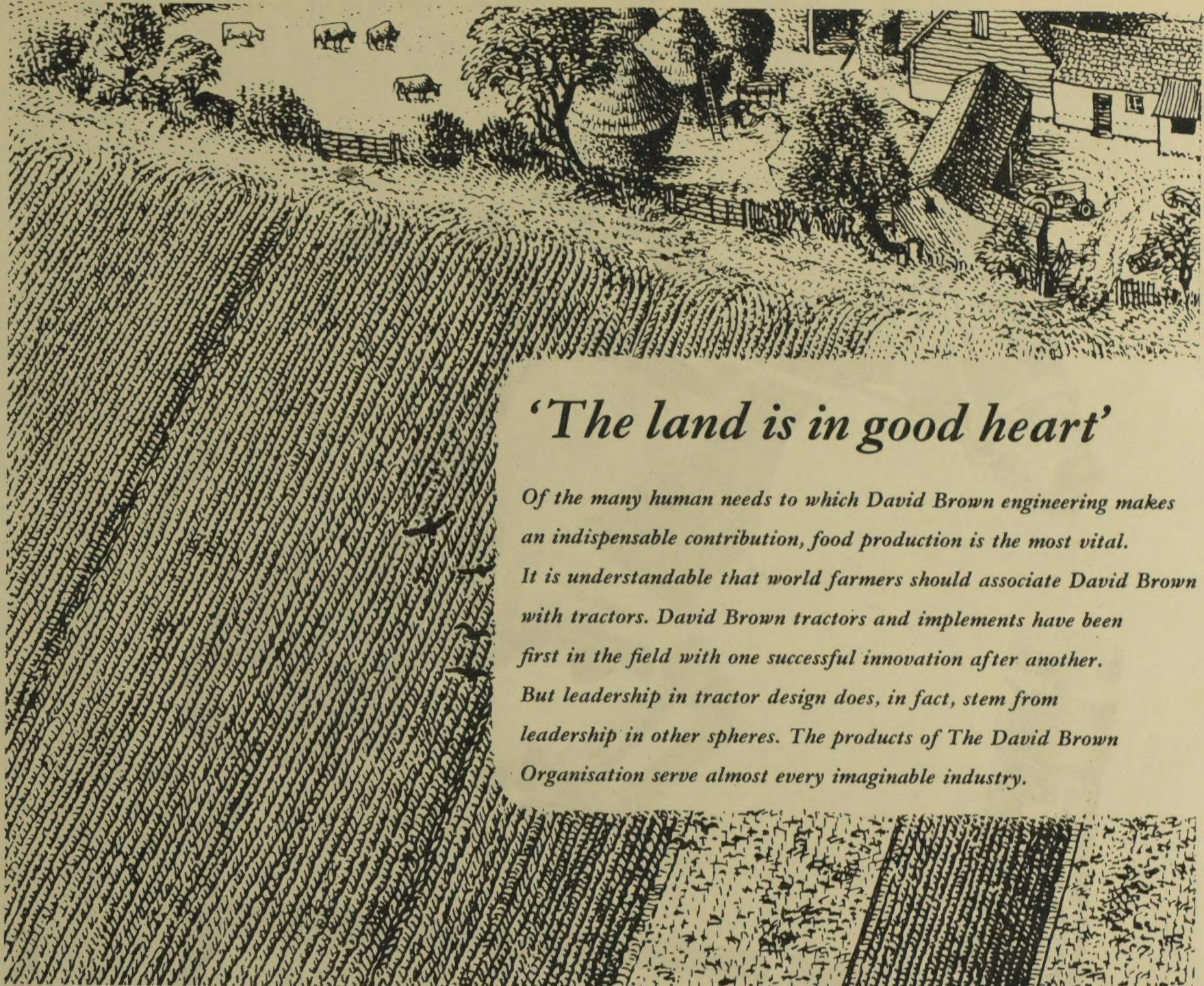
REGENT



**PACKS
PUNCH!**



T.M.19



'The land is in good heart'

Of the many human needs to which David Brown engineering makes an indispensable contribution, food production is the most vital. It is understandable that world farmers should associate David Brown with tractors. David Brown tractors and implements have been first in the field with one successful innovation after another. But leadership in tractor design does, in fact, stem from leadership in other spheres. The products of The David Brown Organisation serve almost every imaginable industry.

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and agricultural tractors and machinery

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The Spirit of Sportsmanship

*'Quality
Sells.'*



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SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1956.



THE ROYAL CHILDREN AT A NORFOLK MEET: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE HOUNDS, WHILE THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE MASTER LOOK ON.

On January 12 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother took her grandchildren, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, to Harpley Dams House, a few miles from Sandringham, to watch a meet of the West Norfolk foxhounds. The Royal children, who were wearing windcheater jackets and corduroy trousers, made

friends with several of the hounds and at one point the Duke of Cornwall borrowed the whip of the Master, Major Robert Hoare, M.C. (who has been M.F.H. since 1937), to round up a pair of straying hounds. The hunt moved off towards Little Massingham; and for a while the Royal party followed in a shooting-brake.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE task of teaching youth is probably the most far-reaching of all tasks to which a man can put his hand. If he is a great teacher, its effects may be felt, not only by those he teaches but by all those whom his pupils in their turn influence during their lives, and by others influenced by them, and so on, in successive generations. In the same way a great school or educational institution, founded on true principles, may continue from generation to generation and age to age. So Robert Bridges wrote of the "Scholars of Henry, giving grace to toil and force in game or race," of his own beloved Eton:

Exceed the prayer and keep the fame
Of him, the sorrowful king, who came
Here in his realm a realm to found
Where he might stand for ever crown'd.

The continuity of tradition, and of virtue arising from tradition faithfully transmitted and guarded, in an ancient school like Eton or Winchester or Christ's Hospital, or that oldest of all English schools, King's College, Canterbury, is an illustration of how far ahead in time a man may build who devotes his life or treasure to the teaching of youth. The work of such men, as Kipling wrote, "broad and deep continueth, great beyond their knowing."

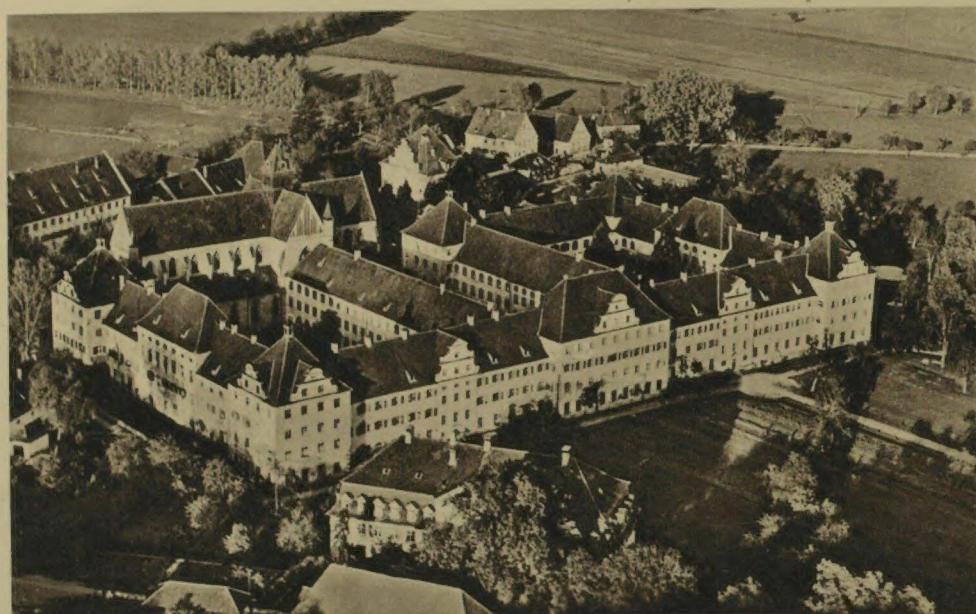
Every now and then an inspired teacher who is also a great organiser leaves the impress of his dual gift and single-hearted devotion in a new school or a new tradition of teaching and life in an old school. Such a one was Arnold of Rugby, Thring of Uppingham, and Sanderson of Oundle. Occasionally, though very rarely, the same man is both the founder of the school and of the tradition the school enshrines and perpetuates. In our own time this proud lot has fallen to Dr. Kurt Hahn of Salem and Gordonstoun—two schools in two different lands. The first school and the tradition he founded arose in a defeated enemy country when, after the end of the First World War, Hahn, an admirer of the British Public School system, persuaded his friend and patron, Prince Max of Baden, to put part of his castle at Salem, on Lake Constance, at his disposal in order to teach German boys, at a moment of bitter national and moral disintegration, that conscience, duty and loyalty were the only true foundation of national greatness and personal happiness. It was that conception, embodied in the teaching of the school, that Hahn illustrated by personal practice a dozen years later when he faced death and imprisonment by publicly denouncing the Nazis, then on the eve of their final triumph, and telling the Old Boys of the School that they must either repudiate Hitler for having glorified a revolting murder or sever their connection with the School. For that brave act of personal responsibility he was arrested as soon as the Nazis attained power and, but for the intervention of the then Prime Minister of Great Britain, Ramsay MacDonald, who secured his release, would almost certainly have paid forfeit for his courage and integrity with his life. Instead, with the help of English and Scottish friends, he was able in 1934 to found a new school at Gordonstoun, an ancient house in Morayshire, where he was joined by his successor at Salem, Erich Meissner, who had also as headmaster defied the Nazis and only narrowly escaped from Germany with his life. Here, too, he was joined by several other, English, members of his old staff and began, in Britain, to apply the principles—derived from it originally but adapted and enriched in adaptation by application to boys of a different nation—that he had first taught at Salem. Among the earliest pupils of his new school were some of the boys he had taught at the old, among them a small boy named Prince Philip of Greece who, seven years later, was to serve under Andrew Cunningham at Matapan and, twelve years after that, to ride by Queen Elizabeth's side as she drove to her crowning in the Abbey on one of those days that live in all men's memories and in history after them.

The central principle underlying the teaching and tradition of Gordonstoun, like those of all this country's famous private, or, as we paradoxically call them, public schools, is Christianity—the Christianity which, it is interesting for an Englishman to recall, an English missionary and martyr, St. Boniface, first took to Germany and which a Greek, Theodore of Tarsus, applied more than twelve centuries ago to the teaching of a still surviving English school. The essence of the Christian tradition of teaching is the moral responsibility of the individual—every individual—and his sacred right and duty to the exercise of that responsibility. It was the denial of this by the rulers of his then country that caused the Founder of Gordonstoun to brave prison, proscription and death. Applying that tradition to the teaching of our own time, Kurt Hahn has said in his wise and germinating addresses on Education:

I will call the three views of education the Ionian view, the Spartan view, the Platonic view. . . . Those who hold the first view believe that the individual ought to be nurtured and humoured regardless of the interests of the community. . . . According to the second view the individual may and should be neglected for the benefit of the State. . . . The third, the Platonic view, is that any nation is a slovenly guardian of its own interests if it does not do all it can to make the individual citizen discover his own powers: and further, that the individual becomes a cripple from his or her own point of view if he is not qualified by education to serve the community.

The modern youth is surrounded, if I may use the expression, by three decays: the decay of adventure and enterprise; the decay of skill and care; and the decay of compassion and charity. . . . Our education system is chiefly concerned with the transmission of knowledge and accepts no responsibility for the training of character. . . . It fails to equip the average boy with a willing body. . . . It fails to introduce activities into a boy's life likely to make him discover his powers as a man of action.

It is to meet these defects that the imaginative and original curriculum of Gordonstoun has been devised. "All boys," its creator has said, "need the opportunity of proving themselves to themselves and education must provide such opportunities." His system aims at offering them in equal measure, not only to the clever scholar and passer of examinations and the successful athlete and player of organised games, but to the mentally dull and physically clumsy or diffident boy—to those, in other words, "who also ran." At Gordonstoun, surrounded by "the challenge of the sea on the one hand and of the great mountains on the other," every boy is taught to develop his physical and, through it, his moral and mental stamina by leisurely, non-competitive training carried out daily throughout the year in regular breaks for light athletic training in place of the intensive, competitive training for particular events normal at public schools. Side by side with this opportunity for "the self-discovery of the weak and diffident beginner," every boy is encouraged to tackle some practical task of his own choosing in which he may, though at first failing, strive and succeed in overcoming defeat. Practical work on the house and estate—forestry, wall-making, gardening, seamanship, coast-watching, nature study, exploring expeditions and mountaineering all take their part in the curriculum side by side with lessons and games. The overriding principle is that every boy learns himself to discipline his body, mind and soul. At the same time he is encouraged, by taking part as an individual in a self-chosen work of corporate service—in the Army, Sea or Air Training Cadet Forces, in the Scouts, in the Coastguard Watchers, the Fire Service, Sea and Mountain Rescue Services—to learn the meaning and habit of public service. "Samaritan service," Hahn has written, "can become a fountain of enlightenment. He who has drunk from



THE SCENE OF DR. KURT HAHN'S FIRST GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL ENTERPRISE: THE CASTLE AT SALEM WHERE DR. HAHN TAUGHT GERMAN BOYS "AT A MOMENT OF BITTER NATIONAL AND MORAL DISINTEGRATION, THAT CONSCIENCE, DUTY AND LOYALTY WERE THE ONLY TRUE FOUNDATION OF NATIONAL GREATNESS AND PERSONAL HAPPINESS."

The two fine schools founded by Dr. Hahn are both housed, appropriately, in fine buildings. The school at Salem occupies part of an ancient castle, once a Cistercian monastery, founded in 1134, and now in the possession of the House of Baden. Gordonstoun School is housed in the historic mansion of Gordonstoun with a unique seventeenth-century "Round Square." The 300-acre estate includes a mile of the Moray Firth foreshore. At both schools the emphasis is on the individual needs of each boy, and pupils are encouraged to undertake personal or group projects in order to develop in them a strong sense of responsibility and self-discipline.

the fountain is forever fortified against the lure of the Totalitarian State. He feels outraged in his sacred feelings whenever he encounters contempt for man, contempt for his existence or his dignity: for 'he who despises man blasphemes God!'

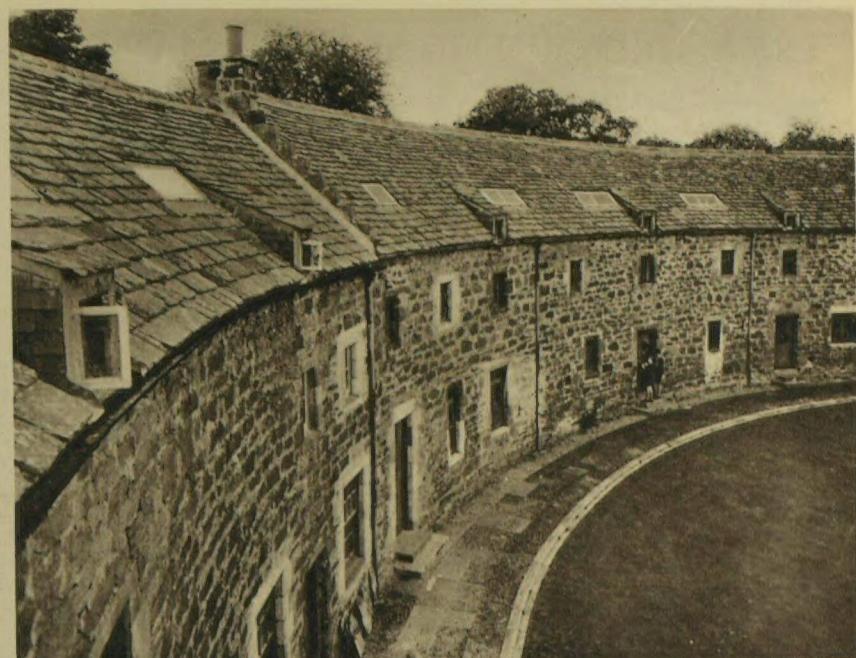
These lessons and traditions are enshrined in the Colours of the School and in the peculiar Gordonstoun institution by which, in the words of Henry Brereton, the present joint Headmaster and Gordonstoun's historian, "Hahn, releasing by a simple twist fresh vitality from a tired tradition, took the overprized colours of the public schools and used them in a new way. The most worthy representatives of the School should wear them, but these would not necessarily be the fastest runners or best goal-scorers, nor would the basis of selection be intellectual, as in Arnold's Sixth Form, nor again social like the Eton Society. . . . They should indeed be swift and bold if, in addition, they were gentle and lovers of truth. None who could not sink personal interests, who were not bold to tell the truth when it was easier to deceive, who used strength to intimidate the weak, should wear the colours.' Honour in the School and the right to wear them goes, at the election of the boys themselves, to those who most fully satisfy in their character these virtues.

This great School, now firmly established among Britain's historic public schools, though possessing two lovely country houses and estates and that unique treasure of Scottish architecture, the famous "Round Square," is ill-equipped in endowments and material equipments compared with many other schools. It has still no adequate Chapel, Assembly Hall, Library and Scholarship Fund, and money is required for the further development of its unique methods of training. An appeal is therefore being made to the public for a Capital Fund of £250,000 to be raised during the next five years. I cannot conceive of any finer use to which the power of money could be put.

**DEVELOPING CHARACTER AND SELF-CONFIDENCE:
GORDONSTOUN SCHOOL—WHICH IS NOW OF AGE.**



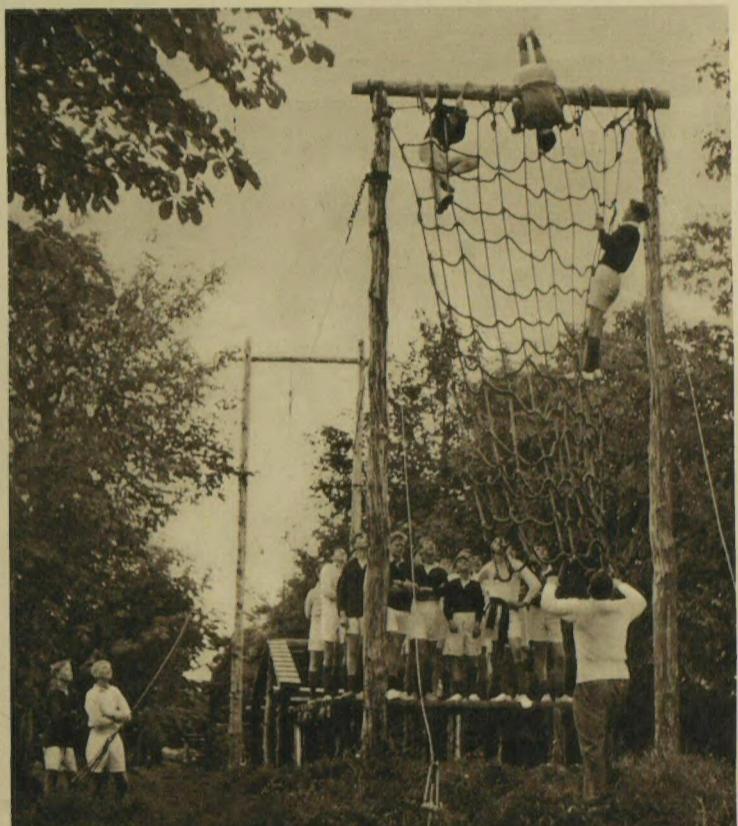
THE CENTRE OF SCHOOL LIFE: GORDONSTOUN HOUSE. IN THE WOODED COUNTRYSIDE AROUND IT THERE ARE FIVE OTHER HOUSES ACCOMMODATING ALTOGETHER SOME 230 BOARDERS.



IN THE GROUNDS: PART OF THE HISTORIC SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ROUND SQUARE, WHICH NOW HOUSES DORMITORIES AND CLASSROOMS



FIRE DRILL IN THE SCHOOL GROUNDS: BOYS OF THE GORDONSTOUN FIRE-FIGHTING SERVICE AT A ROUTINE PRACTICE. AT THE SOUND OF THE SIREN THE FIREMEN LEAVE THEIR DESKS AND RACE TO THEIR POSTS.



PHYSICAL TRAINING: GORDONSTOUN BOYS TACKLING THE OBSTACLE COURSE, A FAVOURITE ATTRACTION, IN THE SCHOOL GROUNDS.



THE JOINT HEADMASTERS OF GORDONSTOUN SCHOOL: MR. F. R. G. CHEW AND MR. H. L. BRERETON, WHO RESIDE AT ALTYRE AND GORDONSTOUN RESPECTIVELY.



EXERCISING THREE OF THE GORDONSTOUN BLOODHOUNDS: TWO OF THE SENIOR BOYS, WHO LEARN TO HANDLE BLOODHOUNDS AS PART OF THEIR TRAINING IN GENERAL RESCUE WORK.



BRINGING IN A "CASUALTY" FROM THE MOORS: MEMBERS OF THE MOUNTAIN RESCUE UNIT FROM ALTYRE HOUSE PRACTISING FOR REAL RESCUE WORK.

Gordonstoun School, on the shores of the Moray Firth, at Elgin, in Morayshire, on the north-east coast of Scotland, recently celebrated its coming-of-age. The school, which Sir Arthur Bryant discusses in "Our Note Book," was founded by Mr. Kurt Hahn, and has won international fame. It embodies on English public school lines the main principles of Mr. Hahn's educational philosophy and teaches boys to develop character, courage and self-confidence. Apart from the normal school curriculum the boys train to take their place in mountain rescue units, fire and coast-guard services, and to make a study of seamanship. Every boy, whether he is a Sea Cadet or coastguard watcher or not, learns to handle small boats, and cruises

are made in larger craft. Mr. Kurt Hahn, who resigned his headmastership in 1953, numbered among his earlier pupils at Gordonstoun the Duke of Edinburgh, who was at the school from September 1934 until early in 1939. Last September the Duke motored from Balmoral to visit Gordonstoun and to open new playing fields at Elgin and Lossiemouth. At the time of his visit an appeal for £250,000 was launched to finance major developments at the school and to provide more scholarships. Boys at the school are helping with the restoration of the Round Square, an historic 17th-century building in the grounds, which houses dormitories and classrooms, and will eventually contain the new library.

TREASURE OF THE SPANISH MAIN, FOUND IN A SUNKEN GALLEON, OFF BERMUDA.



FOUND IN THE WRECKAGE OF A GALLEON OFF BERMUDA: TWO BRASS-ENCASED MERCURY HOUR-GLASSES. THE SHIP APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN A SPANISH GALLEON OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



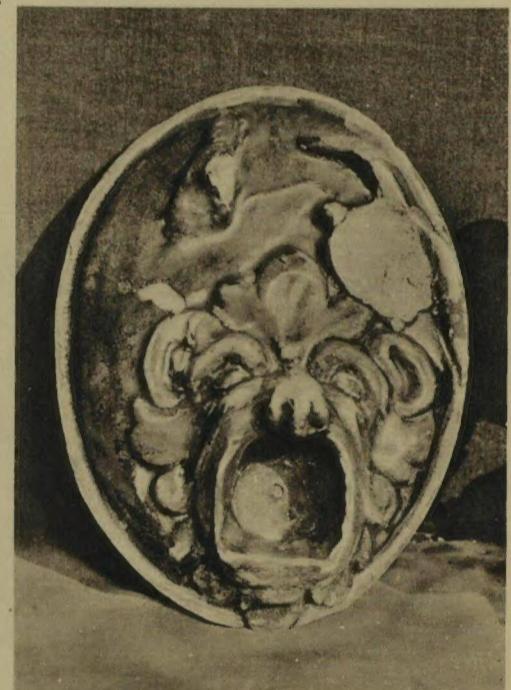
FOUR SOUNDING LEADS, TWO SHARPENING STONES AND WHAT HAS BEEN VARIOUSLY IDENTIFIED AS A WHISTLE OR A METAL CONTAINER.



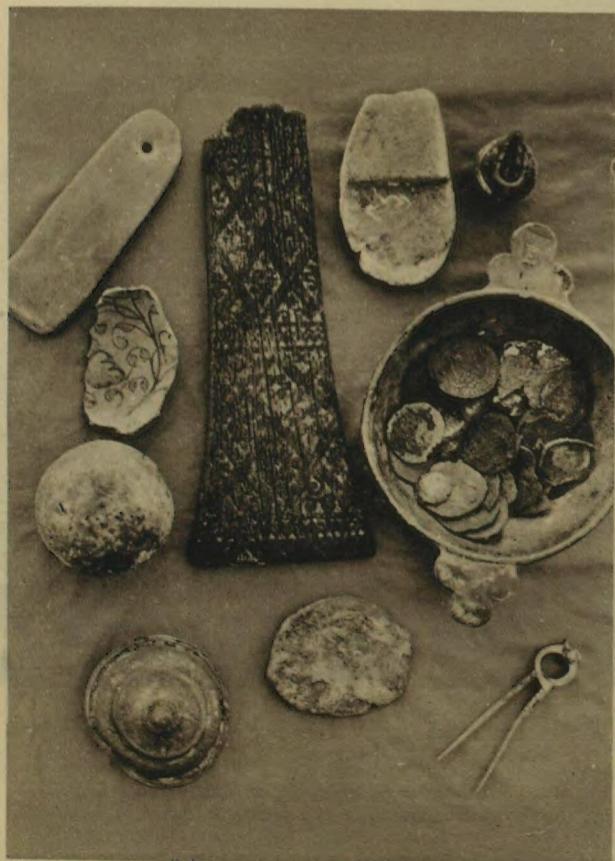
A METAL BOX WITH HINGED LID, CONTAINING WHAT HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED AS A NUMBER OF FINELY GRADUATED WEIGHTS. THE METAL IS NOT STATED.



A CULVERIN OR IRON SWIVEL BREECH-LOADING GUN OF THE 16TH CENTURY: ONE OF SEVERAL FOUND AND SOLD TO THE BERMUDA GOVERNMENT.



AN INKWELL AND QUILL-HOLDER IN THE FORM OF A LION'S MOUTH: TERRACOTTA, RED ON A BLACK GROUND AND BEARING A YELLOW BAND.

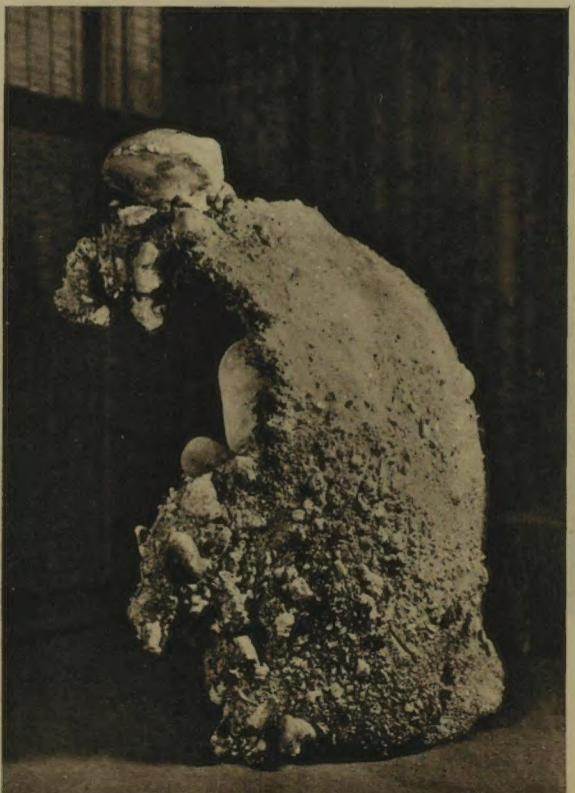


A VARIETY OF OBJECTS FROM THE WRECK, INCLUDING: A PAIR OF DIVIDERS IN BRASS; A LUGGED METAL BOWL FULL OF COINS; A PIECE OF POTTERY WITH A FLOWER DESIGN; AND A PIECE OF CARVED WOOD OF POSSIBLY CARIB ORIGIN.



A BRONZE MORTAR BEARING THE DATE "1561" AND A SMALL TREFOIL-MOUTHED JUG OF GREEN GLAZED POTTERY; A PIECE-OF-EIGHT; AND A SQUARE OF GOLD.

DURING the summer of 1955, two Bermudian divers, Mr. Edward Tucker and Mr. Robert Canton, investigating an underwater site on which Mr. Tucker found some old cannon some years ago, have found (as reported in *The Times*) an assortment of objects, including gold ingots, jewels and a large group of coins—especially that old currency of the Spanish Main, pieces-of-eight—in such quantity as to make it fairly certain that at this point late in the sixteenth century, a treasure-laden Spanish galleon sank in a storm on the treacherous reefs off Bermuda. Although there are some coins of France in the treasure, the majority are Spanish, many of them minted in the New World (including some from the Mexico City mint) and it seems likely that this was a treasure ship Europe-bound and in all probability a Spanish ship, although it is possible that it might be a ship of some other nationality which had successfully captured a Spanish treasure only to come to grief in the fury of the sea.



A RELIC—IT MIGHT BE—from SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST" AND ONE TO STIR A BOY'S FANCY: A CORAL-ENCRUSTED CUIRASS, FOUND IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE GALLEON PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE CLEANING.

FINE GOLD AND PIECES-OF-EIGHT—
TREASURE FROM A SPANISH GALLEON.



THE BACK OF THE GOLD AND EMERALD CROSS, FOUND BY A BERMUDIAN DIVER IN THE WRECKAGE OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GALLEON. THE FRONT VIEW IS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT. THE RECESSED DESIGN PRESUMABLY HELD TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL.



(ABOVE.) TREASURE FROM THE SEA: A GOLD BAR, TWO GOLD INGOTS AND TWO GOLD SQUARES; AND THE GOLD AND CABOCHON EMERALD CROSS. THE TWO PENDANTS OF THE CROSS PRESUMABLY CARRIED DROP PEARLS; AND THE WORKMANSHIP OF THE CROSS IS RATHER CLUMSY.

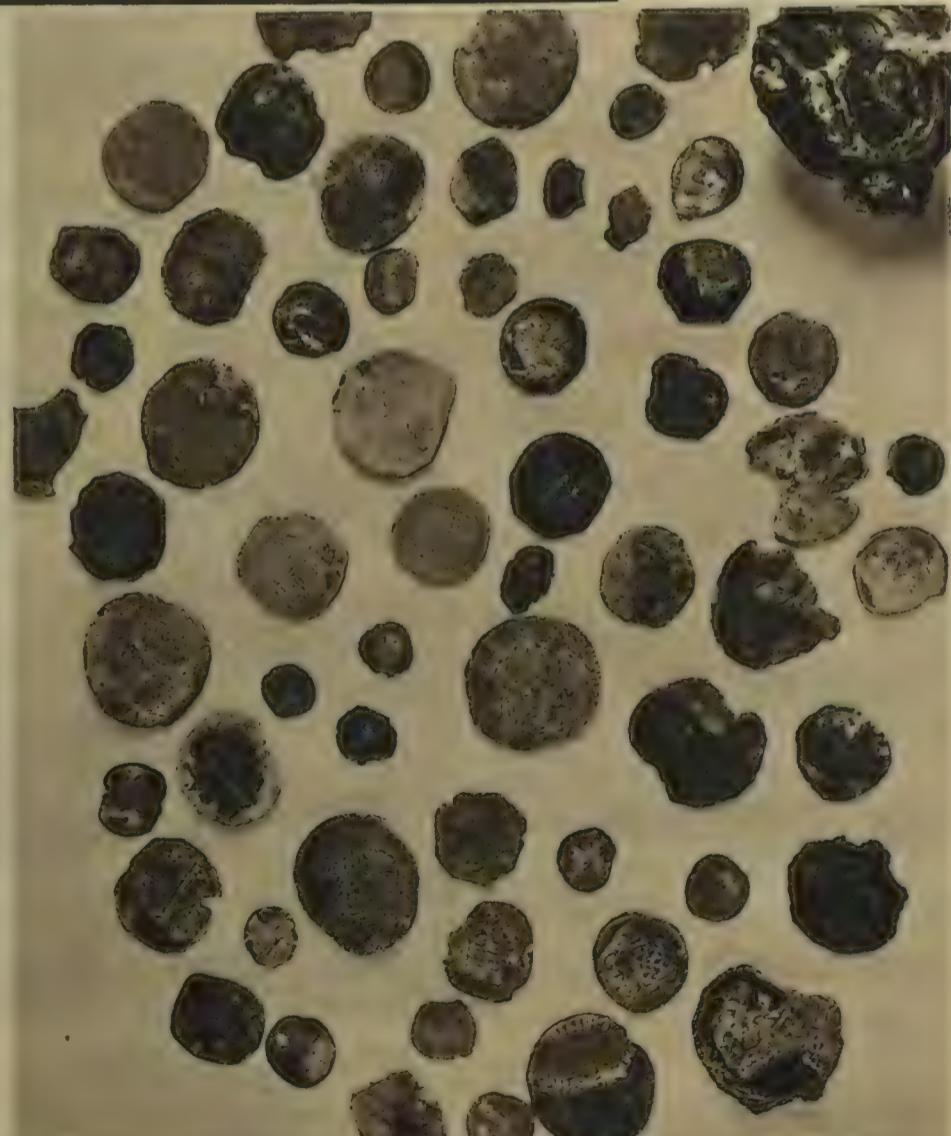


THE GOLD BAR (SEE ABOVE RIGHT). IT BEARS TALLY MARKS, THE NAME "PINTO," THE ASSAYER'S "BITE," AND INCUSE IMPRESSIONS OF A PIECE-OF-EIGHT.



PIECES-OF-EIGHT: SPANISH SILVER COINS, FOUND AMONG THE WRECKAGE AND PROBABLY STRUCK IN THE NEW WORLD. ONE BEARS THE POTOSI MINT MARK.

ON this page we show the objects of greatest intrinsic value so far discovered by the Bermudian divers, Mr. Edward Tucker and Mr. Robert Canton, among the wreckage of a Spanish galleon among the outer reefs of the Bermuda islands. The gold would appear to be bullion on its way back to Spain from Central America and the ingots and bar bear various official marks, notably the incuse impression of a piece-of-eight. Large quantities of coinage have been found, the latest date so far identified being 1592. It is stated that some of the coins were minted at Mexico City and are among some of the first issues from that mint. The gold cross, which is about 3 ins. high, is of great interest. The stones are said to be cabochon emeralds; and with this in mind it is curious that the design and workmanship of the gold are so clumsy, unless it is assumed that it was made in the New World by native craftsmen to a generally European design.



SOME OF THE LARGE COLLECTION OF COINS FOUND IN THE WRECKED GALLEON. THE MAJORITY ARE SILVER PIECES-OF-EIGHT, BUT AT LEAST TWO FRENCH COINS CAN BE SEEN.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK : SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MURDERED IN CYPRUS : POLICE-SERGEANT ALI RIZA.
While he was returning to his home in Paphos, Cyprus, on January 11, Sergeant Ali Riza, a Turkish policeman with an outstanding record against Greek Cypriot terrorists, was shot in the chest by an unknown assailant. He died on his way to hospital.



MR. LEONARD EMERY.

Three men, who were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment in January 1954 on a charge of causing grievous bodily harm to a police-constable during a raid on a post office at Marlow, Bucks, have been granted free pardons and were released on January 14. They are Mr. Leonard Emery, thirty, a baker, Mr. James Powers, twenty-five, a driver, and Mr. Arthur Thompson, twenty-eight, a street trader. Inquiries leading to the pardon were begun after two other prisoners had confessed separately to the raid. All three men had pleaded Not Guilty at the trial at Northampton Assizes. *Ex gratia* payments totalling £1000 will be made to them. Emery had been sentenced to 10 years' imprisonment, Powers to 4 years and Thompson to 7 years. This case had caused considerable interest in the House of Commons.



MR. JAMES POWERS.



MR. ARTHUR THOMPSON.



TO COMMAND EMPRESS OF BRITAIN : CAPTAIN KEAY.

Captain Stanley Walter Keay has been appointed to the command of the new Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Britain*, which is due to make its maiden voyage from Liverpool to Montreal on April 20. Captain Keay, who was born in Dublin, is fifty-three.

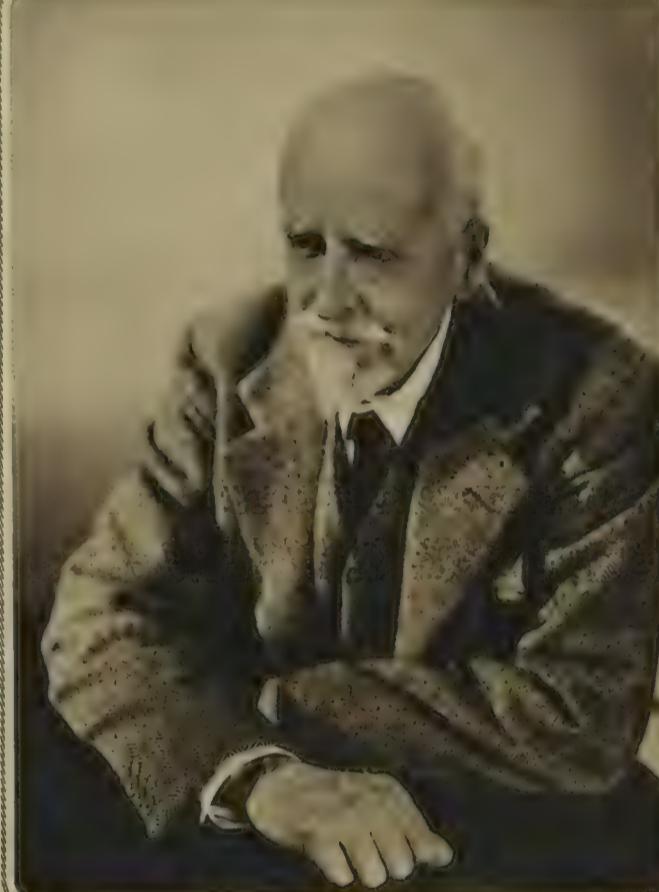


BRITISH LEGION CHAIRMAN

DIES : CAPT. HAMPSON.
Captain Stuart Hirst Hampson, who has been national chairman of the British Legion since 1953, died suddenly on January 12. During the 1914-18 war he served with The Lancashire Fusiliers and won the M.C. He was for many years proprietor of the *Salford City Reporter*.



U.S. PARACHUTIST SAVES HIS N.C.O. IN MID-AIR : SGT. CLOSSON (LEFT) EMBRACES LESLIE SMITH.
During American Army manoeuvres in Kentucky Private Leslie Smith, an Army parachutist, seized the tangled parachute of his sergeant, who was hurtling helplessly past him in mid-air. Both men landed without injury. Sergeant Clossen is shown thanking the man who saved his life.



DEATH OF A GREAT JOURNALIST : MR. WICKHAM STEED.
Mr. Henry Wickham Steed, who was one of the most distinguished journalists of his time, died at his home in Oxfordshire on January 13, aged eighty-four. After extensive studies abroad, Mr. Steed joined the foreign department of *The Times* in 1896. After some years as correspondent of *The Times* at Rome and Vienna, he became its Foreign Editor in 1914. From 1919-22 he was Editor of *The Times*, and on leaving he became proprietor and editor of the *Review of Reviews* until 1930. He was Lecturer on Central European History at King's College, London, from 1925-38. He has been a frequent broadcaster and has published a number of books, including, in 1924, his autobiography "Through Thirty Years."



MARRIED AT JOHORE BAHRU : TENKU MAHMUD AND MISS JOSEPHINE TREVORROW.
The marriage took place at Johore Bahru, Malaya, on January 5 of Tenku Mahmud, eldest son of the Regent of Johore and grandson of the Sultan, to an English girl, Miss Josephine Trevorrow, of Torquay. The Prince is twenty-four and his bride twenty-one.



TWO WELSH CLIMBERS RELEASED BY CHINESE COMMUNISTS : MR. J. HARROP (LEFT) AND MR. S. WIGNALL.
Two members of the Welsh Himalayan Expedition, Mr. John Harrop and Mr. Sidney Wignall, were seized by Chinese Communists in the Tibet-Nepal border area on October 25, 1955. They were released on December 11 and arrived at London Airport on January 15.



TWO YOUNG SKATERS TO REPRESENT GREAT BRITAIN : RODNEY WARD, 14, AND CAROLYN KRAU, 12.
Among the British team who left London Airport on January 15 to compete in the European Skating Championships in Paris were Rodney Ward and Carolyn Krau. They have also been selected for the British team at the Winter Olympic Games at Cortina, Italy.



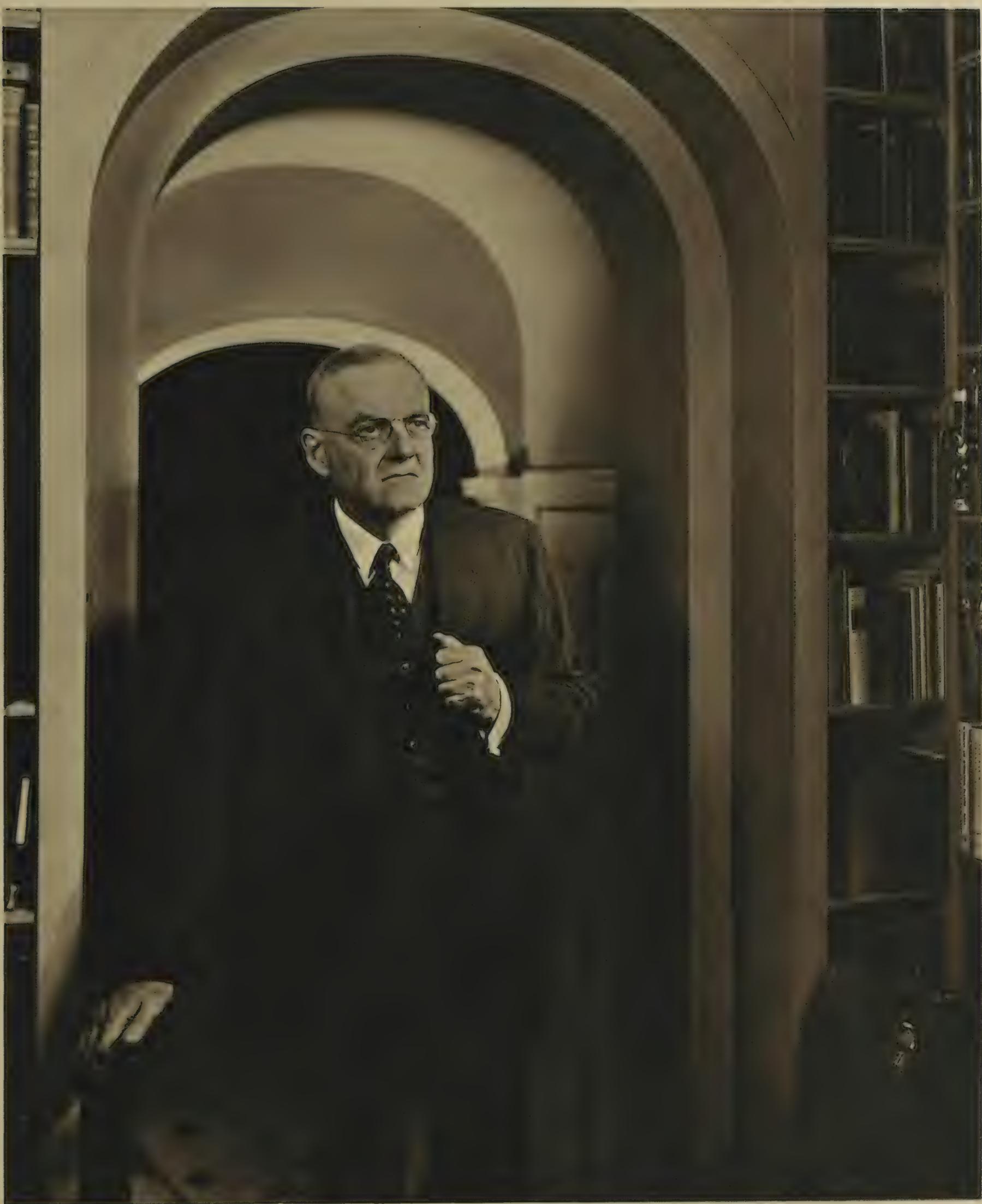
IN LONDON : SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL (RIGHT) RECEIVING THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MEDAL FROM MR. JOSEPH S. CLARK OF PHILADELPHIA.
On January 11, in the house where Benjamin Franklin lodged while in London, Sir Winston Churchill was presented with the Benjamin Franklin medal which the city of Philadelphia awarded to him as the man who has made the greatest contribution during the past ten years to international understanding. The presentation was made by Mr. Joseph S. Clark, Mayor of Philadelphia when the decision was made to bestow the award. The medal was designed by Sir Jacob Epstein, who can be seen in our photograph (centre).



FORMERLY GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY : THE LATE SIR FELIX POLE.
Sir Felix Pole, who was general manager of the Great Western Railway from 1921 to 1929, and then chairman of Associated Electrical Industries, Ltd., until 1945, died on January 15, aged seventy-eight. Sir Felix, who was knighted in 1924, entered the service of the Great Western Railway at the age of fourteen; when he was forty-four he was selected as general manager of the whole line.



A SUSSEX NOVELIST : THE LATE MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH (MRS. THEODORE P. FRY).
Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, the novelist, who in private life was Mrs. Theodore Penrose Fry, died on January 15, aged sixty-eight. She started writing at an early age and her first published novel, "The Tramping Methodist," appeared when she was twenty. Sussex provided the background for many of the large number of books, mostly novels, which she wrote.



THE CENTRE OF ASTONISHING DISCLOSURES ON AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY: MR. DULLES, THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE.

Considerable discussion has been provoked, especially in the Western world, by an article in *Life* magazine said to be based upon an "exclusive interview" with Mr. Dulles, the American Secretary of State. In this article, it is suggested that on three occasions during the last eighteen months the United States stood on the brink of an atomic war which, as a result of strong action on the part of the administration, was ultimately in all three cases averted. The first occasion arose in consequence of French appeals for American intervention during the war in Indo-China, when Communist forces were battering the besieged French Army at Dien Bien Phu. Mr. Dulles, it is alleged, planned joint American, British, French and Asian action against the Communists which, in the event of direct Chinese intervention, would include a bombing attack on South China bases "with whatever weapons would be appropriate." A misunderstanding of the British attitude to this proposal led to its suspension, but, it is suggested, Mr. Dulles had ensured

that the Communists knew that the United States was prepared to act decisively to prevent the fall of all South-East Asia, and this enabled Britain and France to negotiate from a position of strength at the Geneva Conference. The next danger-point, the article is reputed to claim, arose with an American determination to resume full military operations in Korea, perhaps involving bombing Chinese bases in Manchuria, if the Panmunjom negotiations failed. This was made known to the Communists, it is stated, through Mr. Nehru, and they did not abandon the truce talks because they knew what would happen if they did. The third threat of war was averted during the Formosa crisis when, acting on Mr. Dulles's advice, Congress approved the defence of the island against any attack from Communist China. These disclosures, which are believed to have been made to influence United States domestic politics, have been heavily criticised by many American observers, as well as in the European Press.

Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.

THE TREASURES OF GLORIANA'S JEWEL-HOUSE.

**"JEWELS AND PLATE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH I: THE INVENTORY OF 1574." EDITED FROM HARLEY MS. 1650 AND STOWE MS. 555
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. By A. JEFFERIES COLLINS.***

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

NOBODY familiar with portraits of Queen Elizabeth (I yield to no man in point of personal loyalty to my present sovereign lady, but saying "the First" comes as difficult to me, for the time being, as putting "1956" at the head of a letter) can doubt that she certainly possessed at least a modicum of jewellery. There, as core to the picture, is that chalky, aquiline, determined face, with its wan red hair above it, the face of the Queen who made the speech to the troops at Tilbury, and told them that she had the heart of a King in the body of a woman; but that face, always, in what a "surround"! The iron-bound waist, the countless spreading petticoats, inches thick—a namesake of mine, possibly a collateral, attempted to kill her by putting a poisoned nail on her saddle, but I have never yet been able to trace a connection with this optimist—the total artificial elaborate casing from head to foot: and all of it covered with jewels, in drops, or clusters, or ropes, or chains, or descending struts over the voluminous skirts. This book, however, is not about her personal adornments, but about a catalogue of objects in her Jewel-House, not all of which could have been worn about her person—e.g., candlesticks, bottles, crosses, cups, flagons, spoons, salts and clocks.

This formidable work, ruthlessly accurate but never dull, opens with chapters on "The Manuscripts and the Nature of the Collection," "The Purposes of the Tudor Crown Jewels," "The Accumulation of the Collection," "The Dispersal of the Collection," "John Astley and his Office," and "Materials for the Study of the Royal Plate in the Tudor Period." "Pretty grim," my non-antiquarian may exclaim; but yet, as one progresses through this avenue of lost beauties there is no grimness at all. Mr. Collins conducts us through Arabian Nights avenues, pointing his wand towards this object and that, and then regretfully informs us, that of all those old splendours, there is only one left—and that in the British Museum, the Catacomb of all Catacombs.

The last 300 pages of this imposing volume contain a full reproduction of the inventory (1605 items) with notes, sometimes elaborate but always compact, on provenance and fate, where known. Here are typical specimens from the section devoted to Silver-Gilt Cups:

Item one Cup or Jugge of Christall the foote and garnishment of siluer guilt with a Couer of like Christall and garnisshid with siluer and guilt with the Cardenaules Armes vpon the toppe ther of golde poiz.

The note to this is:

"Inv. 1550, f. 69 (Secret jewel-house, Westminster); Inv. 1559, f. 29 b; Inv. 1597, f. 48 b. Sent to the Mint in October 1600."

Item one standing Cup with a Couer guilt chasid with bullions crested the Couer having a plate and therin a Rose with a maidone hedde going owte of the same with the Quenis Armes enamelid on either side the same hed.

* "Jewels and Plate of Queen Elizabeth I: The Inventory of 1574." Edited from Harley MS. 1650 and Stowe MS. 555 in the British Museum. By A. Jeffries Collins, Keeper of Manuscripts and Egerton Librarian. Illustrated. (Trustees of the British Museum; £5 5s.)

The note to this is:

"The Rose with a maidone hedde going owte of the same, flanked as it was on either side by the royal arms, was undoubtedly the badge of Catharine Parr, and should

as having gone to the Mint; the early Stuarts were rather hard up, so why not turn a salt-spoon into silver coin. The thing that really matters about gems and precious metals is how they are cut and how they are wrought.

The Roundheads hated beauty, destroyed countless statues and stained-glass windows, and ground between their teeth the ancient treasures of the Crown. Amongst those was the Imperial Crown of England, reproduced in Charles II's reign: "The Trustees of Parl [for sale of the late King's goods] brooke into y^e Jewel-house and took away" this crown and nos. 2-6, etc., in the autumn of 1649 (cf. pp. 190-1). Along with no. 4, it was "according to ord^r of parlant totallie broken and defaced."

I can't keep on copying out these entries. Queen Elizabeth had all these jewels. They went to and fro. Sometimes she received one from a foreign ambassador, sometimes she gave one away. After she died, broken things were sent to the Mint to be coined; when the Civil War came the Rebels destroyed everything they could find, including the Regalia. And now, apparently, after the closest scrutiny, there is only one traceable object left from Queen Elizabeth's Treasure-House.

That is the Royal Gold Cup; which gives this book a frontispiece—and I think, considering the price of the book, might have given it a coloured frontispiece. A wandering cup: "By means of an entry in an inventory of effects of Charles VI of France (extant in two copies at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris) it was discovered that the cup had been presented to that king at Tours by his uncle, the brutal and art-loving Jean, Duc de Berry, in 1391. There is reason to think that it had been made at the instance of the Duke more than ten years earlier. Charles's father, Charles V, was born on St. Agnes's day (21 January)

and is known to have received plate decorated with the figure of his patroness as birthday offerings." This lovely thing went from country to country, from England to Spain, from Spain to France. In the end, in our own time, a French Baron sold it to Messrs. Wertheimer of London for £8000. This firm generously ceded their purchase to the Museum at the cost price, the money being largely raised from Sir A. W. Franks and his friends. At the present day £100,000 would be a conservative estimate of the value.

That is the last traceable thing remaining from Gloriana's Jewel-House. Most of her possessions need not be regretted: there is always Bond Street. But the Crown and the Sceptre are another matter. We also had our Bolsheviks. Cromwell's lot thought that they could destroy the Monarchy and the Church by breaking windows and sending Crowns to the melting pot. It didn't work. It won't work now. But when will people learn "compromise,"

"SOLE RELIC OF THE TREASURE-
HOARD OF TUDOR ENGLAND": THE
ROYAL GOLD CUP—"A CUP OF
GOLDE WITH IMAGERY THE KNOB A
CROWNE IMPERIAL AND ABOUT THE
BORDER OF THE COUER AND THE
FOOTE A CROWNE GARNISHED
WITH LXI GARNISHING PEARLES
POIZ." AT THE PRESENT DAY
£100,000 WOULD BE A CON-
SERVATIVE ESTIMATE OF THE
VALUE OF THIS CUP, WHICH IS IN
THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.)

be accepted as evidence that the cup had been made for Henry VIII's sixth consort between 1543 and 1547. Since the cup is not found in Inv. 1559, it cannot have been forfeited to the Crown upon the attainder of the queen-dowager's last and surviving husband, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, a fate which may well have befallen the gold orange-strainer (no. 113) which also bore Catharine's badge. Inv. 1597, f. 43 b. Sent to the Mint in October 1600 (E. 407/4 no. 5; cf. no. 11). Can the 'bullions crested' have resembled the ridged leaves or bosses on the standing salt (*circ.* 1490) at New College, Oxford (Jackson, p. 545), and the 16th-century German cup, parcel-gilt, reproduced by Starkie Gardner, *Old Silver-Work*, pl. VII."

I could transcribe the entries in this catalogue, and the notes thereon, to an extent which would fill an entire number of this periodical, though I doubt that such a procedure would be popular with the editor. But, after reading it, what do I think?

What I think is that I am sorry that some beautiful things have gone. Gold, silver and jewels, as such, are replaceable; we could probably, at this moment, make a deal about such things with Mr. Nehru, obtaining them in return for railway-engines, bridges, and atom-bomb factories. A great many of the articles in this inventory are recorded



HOLBEIN'S DESIGN FOR QUEEN JANE SEYMOUR'S CUP. THE CUP MAY HAVE BEEN A GIFT FROM HENRY VIII TO JANE SEYMOUR ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR MARRIAGE IN MAY 1536.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.)
Illustrations reproduced from the book "Inventory of the Jewels and Plate of Queen Elizabeth I"; by courtesy of the publishers, the Trustees of the British Museum.

traditionally an English thing, but seldom arrived at until a violent see-saw action has been tried.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 108 of this issue.



NOW USED FOR HOLY COMMUNION IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF CIRENCESTER: THE BOLEYN CUP, WHICH IS REPUTED TO HAVE COME TO RICHARD MASTER, PHYSICIAN TO ELIZABETH, BY GIFT FROM HIS ROYAL PATIENT. PROOF HAS STILL TO BE FOUND THAT IT "EVER STOOD UPON THE SHELVES OF HER JEWEL-HOUSE."

(Reproduced by courtesy of the Vicar and Churchwardens of Cirencester.)



BUILT BY THE EMPEROR SHAH JAHAN AS A TOMB FOR HIS FAVOURITE QUEEN : THE BEAUTIFUL TAJ MAHAL, ON THE BANKS OF THE JUMNA.



REPORTED NOT TO BE IN ANY DANGER : THE WHITE MARBLE TAJ MAHAL, WHICH HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS "THE COMBINATION OF SO MANY BEAUTIES." (Aerofilms.)

UNDERGOING REPAIRS BUT "NOT IN DANGER": INDIA'S FAMOUS MOGUL-STYLE TAJ MAHAL, AT AGRA.

Fears that the architectural beauty of the Taj Mahal was threatened by wide cracks which had appeared in the main structure were allayed on January 12 by Mr. B. B. Lall, Superintendent of Archaeology at Agra. He is reported to have said that the bulge of about 1 in. in a joint of the south-west turret of the main building was now being repaired, and that restoration work was also in progress on the courtyard wall, about 300 yards away, which collapsed recently. Mr. Lall added that the small cracks in the minarets that flank the building were merely

surface cracks, and there was no danger to the Taj Mahal. About 110,000 rupees (about £8250) are being spent each year in repairs. The Taj Mahal, which is considered by some people to be the most beautiful building in the world, is remarkable for the complexity and grace of the design and the perfection of its detail. It was built by the Emperor Shah Jahan as a tomb for his favourite Queen, who presented her consort with fourteen children and died at the birth of the last in 1629. The Taj is said to have taken twenty-two years (1630-52) to build.



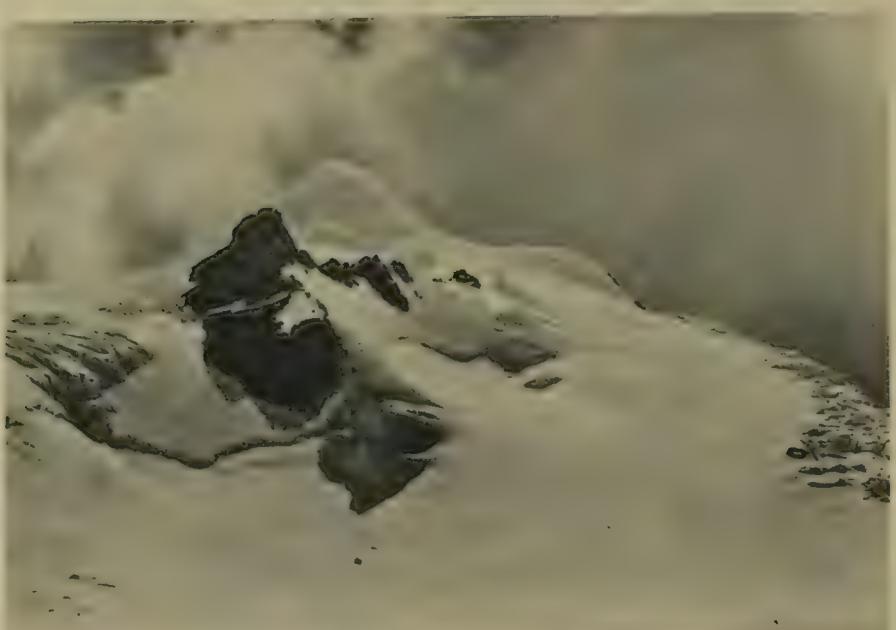
SCANNING PEAKS OF THE ALLARDYCE RANGE, SOUTH GEORGIA'S MOUNTAIN BACKBONE: SQUADRON LEADER BROOKER, MEDICAL OFFICER WITH THE 1954-55 EXPEDITION.



UNCONQUERED MOUNT PAGET (9500 FT.), SOUTH GEORGIA'S HIGHEST PEAK, WITH THE SHACKLETON MEMORIAL CROSS IN THE FOREGROUND.

Two South Georgia surveys have been made in recent years, and these, aided by Mr. George Sutton's British South Georgia Expedition of 1954-55, have provided an accurate if incomplete picture of the island. A third South Georgia survey party, led by Mr. Duncan Carse, is now at work there obtaining fresh information that, it is hoped, will fill in the gaps. Among its tasks is to bring back, for Mr. Peter Scott, five pairs of South Georgia teal from which it is hoped to breed in order to safeguard this unique species. The party hopes, also, to climb Mount Paget (9500 ft.), the highest peak in the island and as yet unconquered. The first major summit to be ascended in South Georgia was an unnamed peak (subsequently called Mount Gregor) of 6168 ft. in the Allardyce Range, and this

MOUNTAIN PEAKS, GLACIERS AND GALES: EXPLORING HAZARDS IN SOUTH GEORGIA.



CLIMBED BY THE 1954-55 EXPEDITION: AN UNNAMED PEAK, NOW CALLED MOUNT GREGOR. SOME 6200 FT., IT IS THE HIGHEST PEAK ASCENDED TO DATE ON THE ISLAND.



SPRAWLING CONTENTEDLY BY THE SIDE OF A GLACIER: SOME OF THE LARGE ELEPHANT SEAL POPULATION. SIX THOUSAND ARE KILLED BY LICENCE ANNUALLY FOR BLUBBER OIL.



SLEDGING ON A CALM DAY: MEMBERS OF THE 1954-55 EXPEDITION. FROM SUCH CALM MAY DEVELOP A RAGING STORM WITH WINDS UP TO 100 MILES AN HOUR.

was the work of Mr. Sutton's expedition. Down on the coast, bird and animal life is prolific, because of the rich content of plankton and other foods. Every beach houses colonies of elephant seals and the popular and ubiquitous penguin; the island is also one of the main breeding-grounds of the albatross. The Antarctic whaling industry has a major base on South Georgia, and three whaling companies—British, Norwegian and Argentinian—operate from bays on the north-east coast; the last-named company is also licensed to kill some 6000 seals annually. Even in summer, South Georgia weather is notoriously treacherous. From sunny calm may develop a raging storm with winds up to 100 miles an hour. It is this factor which makes expedition work there so hazardous and difficult.



CLUSTERING IN THEIR THOUSANDS IN ONE OF THE BEACH ROOKERIES OF SOUTH GEORGIA : KING PENGUINS, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING A BURST OF INFREQUENT SUNSHINE.



A TRIBUTE TO A GREAT EXPLORER FROM HIS SHIPMATES : THE SHACKLETON MEMORIAL CROSS, NEAR THE BRITISH SETTLEMENT. A WHALING STATION IS IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE SUB-ANTARCTIC ISLAND WHERE SHACKLETON DIED : SOUTH. GEORGIA, SCENE OF PAST AND PRESENT EXPEDITIONS.

The sub-Antarctic island of South Georgia in the chilly wastes of the Southern Ocean has been relatively unexplored until recent years. It is thought to have been discovered by Captain Cook in 1775, and consists of a main backbone of mountain from which numberless glaciers spread through rock-bound fissures to the sea. Vegetation is scanty—mainly tussock grass, lichens and mosses; snow persists even at sea-level for up to nine months in the year. British surveys were made in 1951-52 and 1953-54, and a British South Georgia Expedition led by Mr. George Sutton added to the knowledge of the island in

1954-55, by survey, mountain-climbing, geology, glaciology and observation of the natural life of the area; the photographs reproduced on these two pages were sent to us by a member of this latter expedition, Squadron Leader J. M. Brooker. The king penguins, shown above, breed in great numbers in the beach rookeries. The human hub of South Georgia is King Edward Point, where a tiny community of some fourteen souls represents the Government of the Falkland Islands. There also is the memorial cross to Sir Ernest Shackleton, erected in honour of the famous Polar explorer by his shipmates.

THE European members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation are at present influenced in their military policy by two important considerations. In the first place, they believe that the possibility of a world war in the near future has been greatly diminished. The optimistic frame of mind created by the first Geneva Conference has certainly been modified by later evidence of Soviet Russian policy, but the disappointment has not led to the belief that the tough and unfriendly propaganda, the flat refusal of Mr. Molotov to permit such social relations between East and West as would permit the Russian people to realise the breadth of Western freedom and the height of the standard of living, indicates an increase in the danger of war. The second factor in the calculations of N.A.T.O. members is the belief that if a world war did occur it would be speedily decided by nuclear weapons, which are available only to the giants, and therefore that the armed forces of pre-nuclear type would have no part in the decision.

These forces are expensive. Constant pressure is exerted on governments by ministers responsible for welfare and amenities, finance ministers anxious to balance budgets or to lower taxation, even Prime Ministers eager to please their electorates, to cut them down. When the inner history of N.A.T.O. comes to be written a curious story will be revealed of the difficulty that has been experienced in extracting funds of a trifling character, even for the maintenance of the Council. This is not untypical of parliamentary democracy, but not to its credit. More serious is the tendency, apparent during the last few years and now becoming stronger, to reduce armed forces at the disposal of N.A.T.O., mainly by reduction in the length of service. We ourselves have so far had the strength of mind to maintain our length of service, but have slowed down the intake of conscripts. The small nations have done more than this in restricting their efforts, and this year want to do more.

On top of all this, by far the heaviest drain on the strength of N.A.T.O. in Europe has occurred in the wholesale despatch of French troops to North Africa and their replacement—only in part at that—by reservists. Unhappily, too, the mutinous behaviour of some of the contingents has raised doubts about their value in any type of war. In a war which took any form short of being limited to nuclear weapons only, the rôle of France has been recognised as vital ever since the Russian threat was first discerned. France certainly would not have called on troops whose discipline was so uncertain if she could have helped it, and, if she is to be reproached for doing so, the fault lies with her North African policy, not in the despatch of troops which it has occasioned. Such a consideration, however, affords but cold comfort.

On January 4 *The Times* wrote: "If a limited war in Europe is thus unlikely, and perhaps impracticable, is there any point, the argument runs, in increasing or even maintaining the Continental defence effort? This explanation is unreal because it ignores the basic fear of the Continental countries—the fear of invasion whether war is limited or global." That fear is not unjustified. Two or three years ago one could have discounted with confidence the prospect of a global war without nuclear weapons. (Yet, as I write, I call to mind the comment of a senior officer, when I was in the United States in 1952, that his Government might cut down the Army on that plea and then "get scared of dropping these darned things and tell us to do the job without them." I may have previously quoted him in these pages.) I will not argue that the probability of a non-nuclear global war is very high now, but I feel sure that it is higher than it was at that time.

For one thing, tactical atomic weapons were then in an early experimental stage and have now passed out of it. They have been put at the disposal of S.H.A.P.E., whereas it has been given no say in the employment of the big bombs. No forecast as to whether the use of the tactical atomic weapons would bring on that of the hydrogen bomb can be more than guesswork. Again, we must be rather less certain than we were that it would even a year ago. These weapons are terrible in their effects, but they are not directed mainly against the civil population, as the hydrogen bomb must be, and they do not represent a comparable threat to civilisation. If they were used and the hydrogen bomb was not, numbers, fire-power, strong armour, infantry, and artillery forces would be

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE FUTURE OF EUROPEAN DEFENCE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

in high demand for the sort of war that would have to be fought. They are none of them easy to improvise.

An equally important point is that, should the land forces on the Continent be unduly reduced, an infringement of the line of demarcation would become more likely. In such a case, the democracies might well decide that it would be a crime to use the major nuclear weapons on such a provocation. If they did take this line, the offence might be repeated, putting them into a dreadful dilemma. Critics may retort that the land forces of the United States and the British Commonwealth are not likely to be reduced below their present level in a future which can be foreseen, and that it is they that count as things are. I agree that this is so, but if others shirk the job the United States and the British Commonwealth also will soon be subjected to pressure to cut costs and man-power. Morally, it is desirable that the contributors to

North Sea and the northern Atlantic.

It would be unfair to say that N.A.T.O. has not striven to make clear, to politicians and public, the importance in the system of defence—one might add, in the philosophy of defence—of what are now derisively called "conventional" forces and weapons. General Gruenther has done so repeatedly. The arguments in their favour, however, make heavier demands

on the intelligence and reasoning power of the multitude than the propaganda for complete dependence on the heaviest type of bomb. The public, and often enough, the politician also, accepts the easy arguments and treats those who venture to question them as hopelessly immersed in the past and blind to what is going on about them. In addition, it has become so used to the "plugging" of ideas that it will not believe they are seriously held or worth attention unless they are repeated over and over again. The more popular education that can be given on this subject, the better.

It should be recognised that the deterrent effect of the hydrogen bomb does not make the possibility of a minor war more remote but actually increases it. The world has been reminded in Korea of a fact which it had forgotten, though it was well known to historians, that wars can by tacit agreement be fought in an artificially limited arena and with artificial rules about what may and may not be done. Nor is such a war indicative of lukewarmness. That in Korea was waged with fanaticism and self-sacrifice by the Chinese. And Korea was a pretty big war. There might have been another of the type in Europe, had Russia attacked Yugoslavia, as at one time it seemed probable that she would, even if acting only through the medium of her satellites. It was all very well to sit in an armchair at that time and say that of course Britain and the United States should take up the challenge. Perhaps they would have done so, but the decision would not have been easy. A European Korea was always less likely than one in Asia and its likelihood has diminished, but it is not even now inconceivable.

Military opinion in Germany appears sound by comparison with that in a number of the N.A.T.O. States, but public opinion has not escaped the doubts which have been described. Western Germans have demanded uneasily whether the creation of land forces which their Government is undertaking is going to contribute to their safety. They wonder whether a future war would not be decided over their heads. Alternatively, they fear that it might be decided upon their territory, with disastrous effects for it. Their newspapers followed with close attention and something like dismay N.A.T.O. exercises involving retreat covered by tactical atomic weapons. The view was widely expressed that, in the event of land battles fought on these lines, even if nothing more powerful than the tactical weapons were employed, their country would be devastated. And all to cover a retreat to the Rhine!

The birth of N.A.T.O. raised Western European morale, and the effect was increased by its early measures of co-ordination and by general unity of doctrine. It was only to be expected that a more critical phase would develop. There is little or nothing of what might be described as disillusionment about the principle, but scepticism about the efficacy of the means of defence entrusted to S.H.A.P.E. has become dangerously sharp. Unless political leaders show more moral courage in

future this sentiment is certain to increase. To avoid such a misfortune it will be necessary for them, first, to make it clear that their countries do not intend to shirk responsibilities, and, secondly, to teach their people that N.A.T.O. still remains an indispensable safeguard. Too much in this respect is being left to General Gruenther and Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, who deserve more political support.

To sum up, even in a nuclear war conventional forces would have their value and influence the result. A global war with nuclear weapons banned no longer seems completely out of the question, and if it did occur these conventional forces would, of course, decide the issue. They are needed to avoid and, if that cannot be done, to fight secondary wars. Governments which follow the easy path of winning momentary popularity by reducing defence programmes are incurring a grave responsibility. We have now reached a point at which the whole future of N.A.T.O. may be decided for good or ill.



GREETED AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET BY THE PRIME MINISTER: SENHOR JUSCELINO KUBITSCHKEK (RIGHT), THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF BRAZIL, WHO WAS ON A TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

On January 11 Senhor Juscelino Kubitschek, the President-elect of Brazil, paid a twenty-four-hour visit to this country. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, gave a luncheon party in his honour. In the afternoon Senhor Kubitschek and his suite were received by H.M. the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty invested the President-elect with the Insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the British Empire. In the photograph above Senhor Kubitschek is wearing the Ribbon and Star of a G.B.E. After attending a reception at the Brazilian Embassy Senhor Kubitschek was the guest of Sir Anthony Eden, the Prime Minister, at a dinner given in his honour at 10, Downing Street. Senhor Kubitschek stressed his intention to do his utmost during his term of office to "maintain and strengthen the bonds of friendship which have always existed" between Great Britain and Brazil.

European defence should all play a part more or less corresponding to their size and resources.

At long last the German Federal Republic is making a beginning with the formation of a defensive organisation, though so far no more than a beginning. S.H.A.P.E. has not hesitated to let it be known how much it counts upon this coming addition to its strength. There has been some talk of moving the defence zone eastward and establishing it in proximity to the frontier of the Federal Republic rather than on the Rhine. I confess that the suggestion appears to me to be unrealistic while Western Germany is unable to contribute to the defence, and I am not sure that it would become realistic if Western Germany were in. At least, however, its contribution would make a substantial difference, especially on the left flank in Germany, which is now a weak point and a highly dangerous one. An advance to the Rhine would in itself be a strategic triumph for Russia, affording her access to the whole of Scandinavia and to the

**TEAL, SKUAS, SHEATHBILLS AND OTHERS:
WILD BIRD LIFE ON SOUTH GEORGIA.**



THE ONLY DUCK IN THE ANTARCTIC: THE SOUTH GEORGIA TEAL, ONCE IN DANGER OF EXTERMINATION THROUGH SHOOTING BECAUSE OF ITS EDIBLE QUALITIES.



NESTING IN THE TUSSOCK SWAMPS THAT LINE THE COAST OF THE ISLAND: THE SOUTH GEORGIA TEAL. THE ONLY NATURAL ENEMY OF THIS TEAL IS THE SKUA, WHICH THE DUCK AVOIDS IN THE CLOSE COVER OF THE TUSSOCK GRASS.



FIGHTING OVER THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S PENCIL: A PARTY OF SHEATHBILLS. THEY HAVE SOMETHING OF THE DISPOSITION OF LONDON PIGEONS, AND HAUNT THE SHORES OF THE ISLAND.



A SKUA DISPLAYING. THIS ACTION WARNS OTHER SKUAS THAT THE TERRITORY HAS ALREADY BEEN APPROPRIATED BY A PAIR.



A GIANT PETREL WITH ITS CHICK. THESE VORACIOUS FEEDERS FREQUENTLY BREED NEAR WHALING STATIONS WHERE THEY GORGE THE DETRITUS FROM THE CUTTING-UP OF THE WHALES.



A YELLOW SKUA FAMILY AT THEIR NEST. SKUAS REAR ONLY ONE CHICK, KILLING THE OTHER. THEY ARE SUMMER VISITORS TO SOUTH GEORGIA, ALWAYS RETURNING TO THE SAME BEACH.

Bird life in the cold island of South Georgia is prolific. Besides the ludicrous but fascinating penguin, it is a nesting-place for the sooty albatross, for the sheathbill, the giant petrel, the South Georgia teal, and many other birds. The teal, a rare duck peculiar to South Georgia, is the only duck in the Antarctic. Its numbers are said to have decreased owing to its having been shot for the pot by whalers, but it is now practically unmolested, and the tuneful piping of its alarm note is frequently to be heard in the tussock swamps that line the coast of the island. The giant petrel, larger even than the sooty albatross, feeds extensively on carrion in South Georgia, waiting at the foot of the ramps where the whales are cut up to gorge on the falling scraps of blubber and meat. Too heavy

Photographs by W. Nigel Bonner, of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey.

to take off on level ground during a calm, it builds its nest on cliffs or steep slopes that allow it a good run. The sheathbill is a pigeon-like bird, a parasite of the penguins, stealing unattended eggs and feeding in other somewhat disreputable ways. The skua is a summer visitor only, returning each spring to the same beach. One of the most striking birds on the island, it is a brigand of the air, fearless and powerful in its flight. It feeds on smaller birds and robs the penguins of their eggs and chicks. The parents lay two eggs in November or December but rear only one chick, always killing the other. Skuas have no fear of man and will fiercely attack an intruder on their breeding-grounds. They soon become tame, however, and will then allow a known observer to approach closely.



WE have to confess, I think, that the majority of our ancestors who, however absent-mindedly, acquired control of the Indian Peninsula and whose descendants in due course made history by actually carrying out their promise to give that immense area complete independence (and may our more dyspeptic critics please note that good faith in such circumstances has not been the invariable rule of great empires)—we have to confess, I repeat, that these men, able and disinterested though the majority of them were, showed uncommon blindness in their attitude towards the monuments of ancient art they found scattered about the country. There were many reasons, one of them the immense burden of administration, which taxed the health and nerves to an extent which I can well imagine is difficult for the rest of us who stayed in a temperate climate to appreciate, but probably the most important was the "otherness" of Indian Art and the complications of the Hindu religion, which, certainly to the earnest Victorian, were heathenish, erotic, incomprehensible and, consequently, not quite nice. To-day, freed from the responsibilities of empire, it is easier for us to take a more detached view of the Indian scene, and, thanks to the work of many competent investigators, we can begin to form an adequate picture of the achievement of this immensely ancient civilisation.

One of our difficulties in the past has been that the surviving monuments are to be found scattered in remote and desolate places, far from the main centres, and have never been photographed. For that reason, if for that reason alone, I welcome a joint Anglo-French publication "The Golden Age of Indian Art,"* containing superb photographs of details of sculpture from eight almost unknown temples from the fifth to the thirteenth century, the result of an expedition by two young French architects, MM. Rambach and de Golish. While the authors' interests are naturally mainly architectural, they have written their introduction not for specialists but for the general public. For example, they provide a brief, lucid and much-needed guide to the principal Hindu gods—just sufficient to render text and illustrations comprehensible to the novice, and they are no less commendably brief in their notes about each temple. "At least," they say, "we hope to show that this period (the period of the Chalukya kings) can vie in number and perfection of its master-pieces with Graeco-Roman antiquity or with the Middle Ages of Christianity."

I would suggest, on the evidence of their photographs, that they have succeeded; indeed they seem to me to show that these buildings and sculptures (the sculpture, by the way, is an integral part of the buildings, not meant to be seen in isolation) are in fact finer than anything we can label Graeco-Roman. As to the comparison with mediæval sculpture and

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TWO BOOKS ON THE ART OF INDIA.

By FRANK DAVIS.

architecture of the West, the authors are at pains to point out that while they are not looking for influences, and avoid direct comparison, they suggest that the faith which inspired thirteenth-century artists was as profound in India as in Europe, and therefore it would be surprising if there were not certain affinities:—"the graciousness of the Apsara in Plate 95, chosen at random from the thousands of nymphs on the temple walls, made us think of some smiling angel on the doorway of a cathedral."

It is a curious fact, but none the less true, that Western disapproval of Hindu art and religion has been to some extent its safeguard; no one bothered

about it, no one was tempted to export it. "Surrounded by oblivion, the archaeological sites have not been plundered and, when the day comes for Hindu art to take its proper place, they will still be complete and almost undamaged... when an Egyptian peasant finds some ancient object in the desert he sells it to a tourist; but when a Pattadakal villager at work in the fields digs up a piece of sculpture he places it reverently at the foot of the sacred tree by the entrance to the village." One of the six colour plates is devoted to a singularly horrible example of the popular art of Orissa, presumably to show to what depths of banality religious art can descend—from the graceful flowing rhythms of the early building to a nauseating bazaar shoddiness.

By the time we had begun to play an important part in Indian affairs the age of faith in the sense in which we use the term in Europe had long since passed and the sub-continent had fallen into the chaos from which, however haphazardly, we rescued it; let that also be set to our credit. The Muslim Mughal Empire had crumbled, leaving behind it the dream-like Taj Mahal and a tradition of miniature paintings. Monumental Hindu architecture, with its riot of decorative sculpture, was a thing of the distant past. Hindu painting of great delicacy survived in a few remote hill States, but as far as British India was concerned there was a vacuum in which painters could not possibly thrive. Into this vacuum stepped (or should I say stalked?) the new overlords, and it is the influence of the latter which is the subject of a painstaking and thoroughly well-documented study by Mildred and W. G. Archer entitled "Indian Painting for the British, 1770–1880."† It is a fascinating story, but the results of our well-intentioned enthusiasms were, to say the least, disappointing. Perhaps I can best indicate the authors' conclusions by some brief quotations:

Despite their lively interests, the British, unlike the Mughals, seemed unable to strike that spark which might have kindled a new and vigorous style.... The sketching of British amateurs, although inspired by a passion amounting almost to mania, was usually a mere mechanical compliance with certain rigid rules. It resulted not from education in art but from instruction in a fashion. No strong artistic tradition sustained it and its very terms of reference—the seizure of the picturesque—precluded the expression of sentiment and feeling.... The British passion for landscape had little influence and indeed only at Delhi did Indian artists strive half-heartedly to emulate the British example. Their efforts were dim and feeble clichés, and even now landscape painting is a genre rarely displayed in Indian art.

In short, the leopard, in spite of example and precept, failed to change his spots; when he tried he merely changed himself into a nondescript mongrel. Indian painters could not adapt themselves to the demands of their new patrons, and their patrons were too insensitive to see that an alien tradition was, in the nature of things, unsuited to the country. This excellent book might well be made compulsory reading for candidates for the Colonial Service of to-day, lest they in their turn should be tempted to impose upon their flocks whatever happens to be the modish fad of to-morrow.



"THE PEDLAR" IS A WATER-COLOUR DRAWN BY SEWAK RAM, OF PATNA, IN ABOUT 1810. IT IS REPRODUCED IN "INDIAN PAINTING FOR THE BRITISH, 1770-1880" (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS), AN ESSAY BY MILDRED AND W. G. ARCHER, WHICH IS REVIEWED BY MR. DAVIS ON THIS PAGE.



THIS CARVED PILASTER FROM ONE OF THE TEMPLES AT PATTADAKAL, NEAR BADAMI IN BOMBAY, IS ILLUSTRATED IN "THE GOLDEN AGE OF INDIAN ART, VTH-XIII CENTURY" (THAMES AND HUDSON), BY P. RAMBACH AND V. DE GOLISH, WHICH FRANK DAVIS REVIEWS HERE. THESE TEMPLES WERE BUILT BY VIKRAMADITYA, THE GREATEST CHALUKYA CONQUEROR, IN THE SEVENTH AND EIGHTH CENTURIES.

* "The Golden Age of Indian Art—Vth-XIIIth Century." By Pierre Rambach and Vitold de Golish. With 121 Photographs, 6 Colour Plates and 26 Diagrams. (Thames and Hudson; 42s.)

† "Indian Painting for the British, 1770-1880." An Essay by Mildred and W. G. Archer. With 24 Plates. (Oxford University Press; 45s.)

AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY:
SOME PORTRAITS ACQUIRED IN 1955.



For some years now it has been the custom of the National Portrait Gallery to display, as a special exhibition which opens at the beginning of the year, the works acquired during the course of the previous year. We show here a selection of the portraits acquired during 1955, which may be seen as a special group until the end of this year.

(LEFT.) LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU (1689-1762) WITH HER SON EDWARD (1713-1776) IN A PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST. LADY MONTAGU WAS THE AUTHOR OF THE "LETTERS" WRITTEN DURING HER TRAVELS ABROAD.

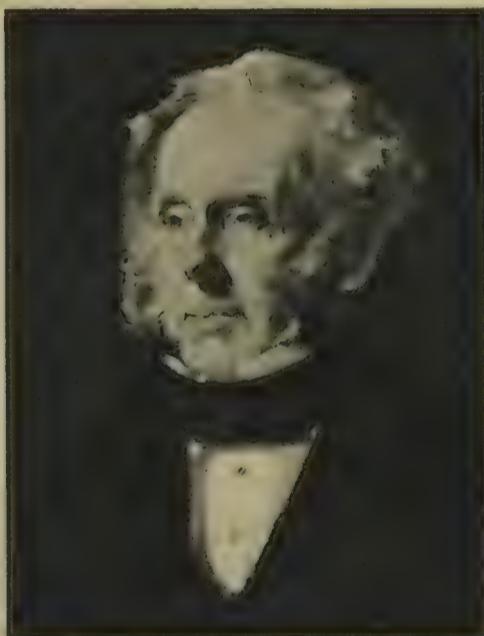
(Oil on canvas; 27 by 35 ins.) (Deposited on loan by the Trustees of the 3rd Earl of Wharncliffe's Settled Estates.)



A STRIKING MARBLE BUST OF THE POET ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843) BY SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY. IT HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE GALLERY. (Height, 30 ins.)



SIR CHARLES NAPIER (1782-1853), THE GENERAL AND ADMINISTRATOR IN INDIA, WHO CAPTURED SINDH: A PORTRAIT ATTRIBUTED TO SMART. (Canvas; 14 by 11½ ins.)



HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, 3RD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON (1784-1865), BY F. CRUICKSHANK. VISCOUNT PALMERSTON WAS A MEMBER OF NEARLY EVERY GOVERNMENT BETWEEN 1807 AND 1865. (Canvas; 20½ by 16 ins.) (Deposited on loan by the Countess Mountbatten.)



SIR EDWARD MARSH (1872-1953), CIVILSERVANT AND MAN OF LETTERS; PAINTED BY SIR OSWALD BIRLEY IN 1949. (Canvas; 30 by 25 ins.) (Presented by the Contemporary Art Society.)



SIR JAMES THORNHILL (1675-1734), THE DECORATIVE PAINTER, WHOSE BEST-KNOWN WORK IS IN THE PAINTED HALL AT GREENWICH. THIS PORTRAIT BY JONATHAN RICHARDSON WAS ALSO PURCHASED. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.)



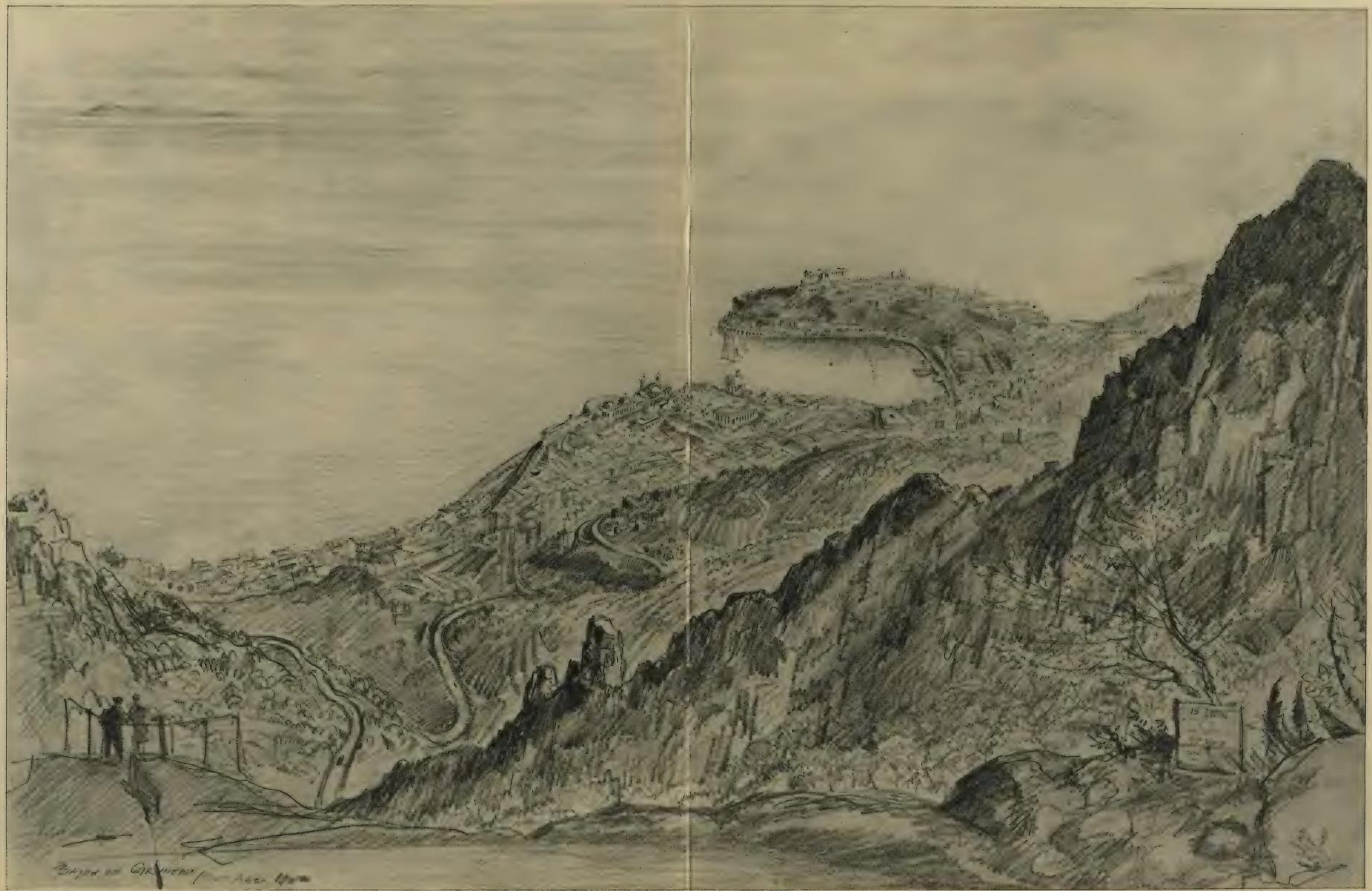
THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE (1627-1691) WAS THE DISCOVERER OF "BOYLE'S LAW" AND A FOUNDER MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY. THIS EARLY COPY OF A PORTRAIT BY J. KERSEBOOM WAS PRESENTED BY E. BULLIVANT, ESQ., IN MEMORY OF HIS WIFE KATE BULLIVANT. (Oil on canvas; 50 by 40½ ins.)



SIR W. FLINDERS PETRIE (1853-1942), WHO WAS A PIONEER OF MODERN ARCHAEOLOGY; A PORTRAIT BY G. F. WATTS, PRESENTED UNDER THE TERMS OF SETTLEMENT OF THE ARTIST'S WILL. (Oil on canvas; 28½ by 25 ins.)

The National Portrait Gallery was formed in 1856, largely through the instigation of Earl Stanhope, who became the first chairman of the Board of Trustees established at the end of that year. As Viscount Palmerston, the then Prime Minister (a portrait of whom, reproduced above, was acquired in 1955), said in the debate on the formation of the Gallery in the House of Commons: "The object is not to form a collection of pictures valuable on account of their merit as works

of art; the object is to get the best portraits of men distinguished in the history of the country." In the hundred years since then a large and interesting collection of portraits has been built up and is continually being added to. In 1955 some forty-five portraits—paintings, sculpture, drawings and miniatures—were acquired. Among the new portraits not shown above are those of Abraham Tucker, the philosopher, Earl Roberts, Lord Tennyson and William Thackeray.



A PRINCIPALITY FOR AN AMERICAN FILM STAR: A VIEW OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO, WHOSE REIGNING SOVEREIGN, PRINCE RAINIER III, HAS ANNOUNCED HIS ENGAGEMENT TO MISS GRACE KELLY.

Picturesquely situated on a rocky promontory at the foot of the *Tête de Chien* lies the tiny sovereign Principality of Monaco. Our Artist has drawn it from the golf course and shows it nestling between the clear waters of the Mediterranean and the mountainous region of the French Department of Alpes Maritimes. Prince Rainier III, who is thirty-two, succeeded his grandfather, Prince Louis II, in 1949 and his subjects have been anxiously awaiting his engagement and marriage for

practical as well as for romantic reasons. If the Prince died without leaving an heir, his country would come under French rule. At present, taxes are low and there is no military service for Monaco's 20,000 population. If the six square miles of the State came under French rule there would be some unwelcome changes in these features. By his engagement to the American film actress, Miss Grace Kelly, Prince Rainier has made himself even more popular with his subjects, who

also hope that with an American film actress as its Princess the Principality will become still more attractive to American tourists. Prince Rainier is descended from the female line of the Genoese Grimaldi family, who have been connected with Monaco since the thirteenth century. In 1731 the Principality passed into the female line of the family, to whom it was restored after their dispossession during the Napoleonic era. In 1861 a treaty placed the Principality under French protection,

but it retained its sovereign rights. In this same year François Blanc, an ex-waiter from Homburg, obtained a fifty-year concession to open a casino. A modest little shack had been opened five years earlier as a gambling den by the reigning Prince, Charles III. Renamed Monte Carlo in the Prince's honour, the new settlement and its Casino rapidly grew to become the most famous and most popular attraction of this little State.



A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN LA CONDAINE, THE HARBOUR OF MONACO: THE 135-FT. LONG ROYAL YACHT OF MONACO, WHICH WAS BUILT AT SOUTHAMPTON IN 1928. MONACO IS A FAVOURITE PORT OF CALL FOR YACHTS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

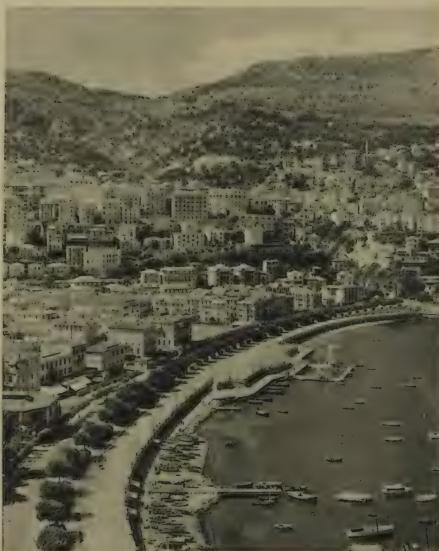


THEY WILL SALUTÉ THE AMERICAN FILM-STAR PRINCESS: SOME MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY OF CARABINIERS, WHICH FORMS THE PRINCE'S PERSONAL BODYGUARD, ON DUTY IN THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE OF MONACO.



PRINCE RAINIER III OF MONACO AND HIS BEAUTIFUL BRIDE, MISS GRACE KELLY, THE FILM ACTRESS, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HER PARENTS, MR. AND MRS. JOHN B. KELLY, AT THEIR PHILADELPHIA HOME. THE PRINCE IS NOW ON A VISIT TO THE U.S.

WHERE MISS GRACE KELLY WILL BE PRINCESS: MONACO, THE SMALLEST SOVEREIGN STATE, AND "THE PEARL OF THE FRENCH RIVIERA."



LA CONDAINE IS ONE OF THE THREE COMMUNES OF THE PRINCIPALITY, AND INCLUDES MONACO'S SMALL AND SHELTERED HARBOUR, WHERE SO MANY OF THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS PRIVATE YACHTS HAVE BEEN MOORED.



PERCHED ON A ROCKY PROMONTORY JUTTING OUT INTO THE MEDITERRANEAN: MONACO, THE ANCIENT TOWN OF THE PRINCIPALITY, WHERE ITS ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDINGS, THE PALACE AND THE CATHEDRAL ARE SITUATED.

The Principality of Monaco is already one of the most attractive spots in the world. Since the announcement on January 5 of Prince Rainier III's engagement to the American film actress, Miss Grace Kelly, the world, and especially the Monégasques have been eagerly following the activities of the Prince and his beautiful film-star fiancée. It is not yet known whether the wedding will definitely take place in Monaco itself, nor whether Miss Kelly will continue her brilliant screen career.

At a press conference at her parents' home in Philadelphia, Miss Kelly tentatively told reporters that she and the Prince expected to live in Monaco. If they do so, Miss Kelly will be familiar with the country. For the past year Monaco, or more especially Monte Carlo, the youngest of its three communes, has been one of the most popular resorts on the Riviera. Enjoying an exceptionally sunny and sheltered climate, the Principality has the additional and all-important



WHERE THE PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE WILL WORSHIP: THE PRIVATE CHAPEL IN THE PALACE OF MONACO. LIKE HER PIANCÉ, MISS KELLY IS A ROMAN CATHOLIC. HER FAMILY CAME TO THE UNITED STATES FROM IRELAND.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. NICHOLAS IN MONACO, WHERE PRINCE RAINIER AND HIS BRIDE MAY BE MARRIED. THE CATHEDRAL WAS DESIGNED BY THE ROMANESQUE-BYZANTINE STYLE AND WAS BUILT AND COMPLETED IN 1893.



ONCE A GENOSE CASTLE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY: THE ROYAL PALACE OF MONACO, WHICH WAS ENLARGED BY THE GRIMALDI IN ABOUT 1550 AND DECORATED IN THE RENAISSANCE STYLE. THE PALACE HAS A PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL GARDEN.



THE THRONE-ROOM IN PRINCE RAINIER'S PALACE IN MONACO: WITH ITS COLOURFUL PAINTED CEILING, ITS BRILLIANT CHANDELIERS AND ITS FAMILY PORTRAITS ON THE WALLS, THIS IS ONE OF THE APARTMENTS SHOWN TO THE PUBLIC WHEN THE PRINCE IS NOT IN RESIDENCE.



ANOTHER OF THE SUMPTUOUS APARTMENTS IN THE ROYAL PALACE: RECENTLY REFURNISHED, WHICH IS KEPT MAINTAINED FOR PURPOSES OF SHOW. THE PALACE IS MOST POPULAR WITH SIGHTSEEERS, WHO ARE SHOWN THE STATE APARTMENTS WHEN THE PRINCE IS NOT IN RESIDENCE.

attraction of the most famous Casino in the world. For just on a century the Casino at Monte Carlo has provided a large proportion of the State's revenue, and though the Monégasques themselves are not allowed to play there, they benefit by having extremely low taxes as a result. Another attraction at Monte Carlo at this time of year is the annual Rally for motor-cars, which began on January 16. Prince Rainier III, who is thirty-two, succeeded his grandfather in 1949. He and

Miss Kelly, who is twenty-six, met when she was filming on the Riviera last year. Her father, Mr. John B. Kelly, a wealthy building contractor, was an outstanding sculler, and won the Olympic Championship in singles and doubles in 1920 and 1924. His only son, John, won the Diamond Sculls at Henley in 1947. Miss Kelly's screen career has been a remarkably successful one, and with her beauty and poise she will make a fitting princess for the unique Principality of Monaco.



LIKE A FLASHING ARROW POINTING TOWARDS THE RUNWAY: HOW THE NEW APPROACH LIGHTING SYSTEM OF IDLEWILD AIRPORT LOOKS TO THE PILOT ABOUT TO LAND.

Idlewild—the New York International Airport—is by a long way the largest of the four major airports operated by the Port of New York Authority, and is indeed the aerial gateway to the United States for the European traveller. We show here in operation the Sylvania Strobeam centreline approach system, also known as E.F.A.S. (electronic flash approach system), which has been recently installed by Sylvania Electric Products Inc. It consists of twenty Strobeacon units mounted on a specially-built pier in a single 2000-ft. row in the approach path leading to the runway. Each of these units has a high-intensity xenon flash tube producing

an ultra-brilliant beam of over 30,000,000 candle power. Each tube flashes twice every second; the units flash in sequence towards the runway, giving the effect of an animated arrow pointing at the runway, or, as it may seem to a pilot trained in wartime conditions, like a giant tracer shell rapidly fired from a point in space to the landing point on the runway. The system is being used to guide aircraft in during periods of limited visibility and may be expected to reduce flight delays and speed up the handling of traffic. The dark spot on the runway is caused by the tyres of innumerable aircraft touching down at that point.

THE TEMPLE OF NABU, ASSYRIAN GOD OF LEARNING, AND THE THRONE-ROOM OF KING ESARHADDON: LATEST DISCOVERIES IN THE GREAT MOUND OF NIMRUD.

By M. E. L. Mallowan, D. Lit., F.B.A., F.S.A. (Field Director of the Expedition and Professor of Western Asiatic Archaeology in the University of London).

The following article—the first of two—describes the results of excavations at Nimrud during the months of March and April 1955. The expedition was under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq and generously supported by many other institutions, including the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, the University of Cambridge, the Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery, and the Iraq Petroleum Company, who generously assisted with the loan of machinery, and provided skilled technical help. The staff of the expedition consisted of the following persons: the Director and Mrs. M. E. L. Mallowan; Mr. R. W. Hamilton, Mr. J. H. Reid and Mr. David Oates, who were in charge of the surveying; Miss Barbara Parker, epigraphist; Miss Olga Tufnell and Miss J. Beidler, who assisted in the field and recorded the pottery. A warm debt of gratitude is due to H.E. Dr. Naji al Asil, Director-General of the Iraq Antiquities Department, and his staff, who again did everything possible to further the work, and also to Sayid Izzet Din, who was the Iraqi representative and whose previous experience was invaluable to us. A second article, dealing mainly with a quantity of fine ivories discovered during the season, will appear in a forthcoming issue. Previous articles on Nimrud have appeared in our issues of July 22 and 29, 1950; July 28, August 4, 1951; August 9, 16 and 23, 1952; and August 8, 15 and 22, 1953. All photographs are copyright of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq; and Figs. 10 and 11 are reproduced by courtesy of the Iraq Petroleum Company.

IN March 1955 the archaeological expedition to Nimrud (Fig. 1) took the field for its sixth season since the war. There was a clear-cut plan of campaign: to rediscover the great temple of Nabu which was known to be buried at the south-east corner of the acropolis, and to find what might be left of its library.

The results exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

A century ago Rassam had found in this corner of the acropolis four statues dedicated to the god; some of them were inscribed with the names of Queen Samaramat (still famed to the Greeks as Semiramis) and her son, Adad-nirari III (808–782 B.C.). At that time the worship of the Babylonian god Nabu, who was patron of the sciences and of learning, was an innovation in Calah-Nimrud, where the older divinities began to take a subordinate place. As we have records of the master scribes associated with the temple, it is clear that the building once housed a library: what we did not know was how much of the library had later on

been moved to Nineveh when that city became the centre of learning. The excavations have given us a most encouraging answer, for some of the finest "books"—that is, inscribed cuneiform tablets—are still lying in the soil, albeit often in a much-damaged condition.

The chief obstruction which has so far prevented archaeologists of our generation from attacking this high-lying and inviting sector of the acropolis has been the enormous dumps which overlie it—the deposits left by many who sought treasure there in the nineteenth century. It was only the loan of a bulldozer through the good offices of the Iraq Petroleum Company which enabled us to clear the ground and to remove encumbrances which otherwise could only have been cleared at prohibitive cost.

After some weeks of work we began to recover the plan of the temple itself and of a palace which gave access to it, and, in fact, formed the northern wing

of what may be regarded as a single architectural complex. This, together with another building, the Burnt Palace, which lies across the road, on the east side of the temple, covers about two acres of ground (Figs. 10 and 11).

The temple itself was carefully sealed off from the adjacent buildings by a sacred enclosure wall. Access to the sanctuaries was through a great oblong hall 52½ ft. (16 m.) long into a courtyard where anyone who had the right to enter faced west, and penetrated a portal flanked by basalt statues which represented the servant of the god carrying a box (Fig. 13). What this box was thought to contain we

there, in addition to a much smaller number of priests. A much greater number of persons could, however, have been admitted to the courtyard outside.

This splendid sanctuary is still an awesome spectacle; its great mud-brick walls, carefully plastered, stand in places to a height of 14 ft., and rest upon a two-course foundation of limestone blocks. In the ante-cella there was a stone pavement and the floor of the podium consisted of huge limestone slabs, one of which spanned its width; the slabs in the main entrances were also megalithic in character (Fig. 7).

Adjacent to the main sanctuary on the south side of it there was a second one similarly planned and constructed, but slightly narrower; the podium at its far end was a little lower, as were the steps that led up to it (Fig. 6). Clearly this must have reflected a difference of degree in the divinity who occupied it, and if the larger one belonged to Nabu this could appropriately have served his wife, the goddess Tashmetum, whose name, however, has not yet been recovered here. On the other hand, it was with much satisfaction that we noted the name of the god Nabu himself in a three-line inscription which was engraved

upon a rough brown stone pebble discovered in one of the corridors (Fig. 3). Two lines of this writing are still indecipherable, the meaning concealed beneath what is at present a cryptogram: but there can be no doubt about the general interpretation of the attractively engraved scene which accompanies the inscription. Here we see a worshipper or priest confronted by the wedge or stylus of Nabu—the instrument with which the god wrote. Behind the stylus is a filleted spade, also on a low stand, which normally is the symbol of the national god of Babylon, Marduk. It may well be that elsewhere we shall eventually find that Marduk, too, had his sanctuary at Nimrud; alternatively, it is possible that the wife of Nabu, Tashmetum, had appropriated Marduk's symbol to herself.

Most of the contents of the sanctuaries had been looted in antiquity, but in the fallen debris under the fallen roof of the smaller chamber we found a fragment of a thin ivory panel (4 ins. by 2½ ins.—10 by 7 cm.) beautifully engraved, with the design of a kneeling winged bull confronting an elaborate ten-petaled rosette (Fig. 2). The young bull with its single horn seen in profile is a foretaste of a style which was later to appear in the Ishtar gates at Babylon; the beauty of line in this free yet restrained drawing is a tribute to the skill achieved by the best of the seventh-century master workers in ivory.

Amongst the most curious finds in the Nabu Temple was a series of small square foundation-boxes set into the floor of the ante-cella (Figs. 8 and 9). Most of them contained only vegetable matter, but one which was topped by a grille with four compartments revealed a set of four small gold discs with criss-cross markings. It is

probable that these had some astrological significance, and that the deposits were made towards the end of the eighth century B.C., perhaps by Sargon (722–705 B.C.). Traces of the name of the original founder, Adad-nirari III, 808–782 B.C., were still preserved in the floor slabs.

The discoveries made outside the temple area were no less interesting than what was found within. On the north side there was a second spacious brick-paved courtyard which gave access on the west to two more sanctuaries planned by Loftus in 1854–1855 but still unexamined by us; on the south there was what appears to have been a secular building, probably a palace. Certainly the oblong hall (Fig. 4) entered by a doorway from the court is likely to have been the King's throne-room, for here at one end we found the low pedestal dais approached by a pair of stone [Continued overleaf]



FIG. 1. A MAP OF THE MIDDLE AND NEAR EAST TO SHOW THE LOCATION OF CALAH (THE ANCIENT NAME OF NIMRUD) WITH RELATION TO OTHER FAMOUS CITIES OF THE "FERTILE CRESCENT."

do not know; if not offerings, then perhaps the god's personal



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE FEW OBJECTS FOUND IN THE NABU SANCTUARY: A THIN IVORY PANEL SHOWING A BULL KNEELING BEFORE AN ELABORATE ROSETTE—A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE SKILL OF THE IVORY WORKERS IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 3. AN ENGRAVED PEBBLE FOUND IN THE NABU TEMPLE. THE INSCRIPTION CONTAINS THE NAME "NABU"; AND THE DESIGN SHOWS A PRIEST BEFORE THE STYLUS OF NABU AND (RIGHT) THE FILLETED SPADE OF MARDUK.

tablets. After passing through this portal the visitor found himself in one of the four corridors which surrounded the temple, and finally penetrated an inner gate into the great ante-cella. Beyond the ante-cella was a stone podium raised nearly a metre above the floor of the main temple (Fig. 12); here the god's statue raised aloft above the heads of the assembled worshippers must once have stood, upon a pedestal. Stone steps were provided for the ministrants of the god, a broad flight to the left, a narrower one to the right, as they faced him. The difference in gradation may have corresponded with the higher and lower ranks of the hierarchy, whose steps were no doubt carefully ordered by the rules of ecclesiastical precedence. Large as the ante-cella was (it measured 42½ ft. by 23 ft.—13 by 7 metres), only the privileged could have been admitted to face the god, for not more than about 150 persons could have been accommodated



FIG. 4. THE THRONE-ROOM OF KING ESARHADDON IN THE SOUTH-EAST BUILDING: THIS SHOWS THE STRATIFICATION AND DÉBRIS OF THE FALLEN WALLS AND ROOF; AND IN THE BACKGROUND A LATER WALL BUILT OVER THE TOP GATE.

Continued.

"tram-lines" commonly found in the principal Royal reception halls of a palace (Fig. 5). At the foot of the pedestal in the throne-room, and in the débris at its western end, we made the richest and most rewarding discoveries of the season. The entire room showed traces of a conflagration which had raged more violently around the pedestal than elsewhere. Here, amid the embers of the fallen roof, were found many hundreds of fragments of engraved ivory panels which must once have formed the component parts of Royal furniture from this and other apartments. Fortunately, two of these ivory strips were nearly complete, and parts of others could be reassembled to make an intelligible design. When the discovery was made, Mr. R. W. Hamilton drew out a map with a grid of small squares measuring 4 by 4 ins. (10 by 10 centimetres) within which each collection of ivory fragments was plotted when lifted from the ground. About five months' intensive work on the fragments has yielded the remarkably interesting series of designs which will be illustrated in the next article. In general, the panels depict the King of Assyria attended by his Court, receiving tribute from the foreign

[Continued below, right.]

THE SOURCE OF MANY FINE IVORIES: KING ESARHADDON'S THRONE-ROOM IN NIMRUD.



FIG. 5. WHERE A QUANTITY OF REMARKABLE IVORIES WAS FOUND: A WORKMAN CLEANING IVORIES AT THE BASE OF THE DÉBRIS IN THE KING'S THRONE-ROOM. FOREGROUND, THE "TRAM-LINES" LEADING TO THE SITE OF THE THRONE.



FIG. 7. AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ANTE-CHAMBER ON THE NORTH OF THE COURTYARD OF THE NABU TEMPLE: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS THE FINE MASONRY.

Continued.

peoples who had been made subject to Assyria. These scenes are best understood by reference to some remarkable documents which were found in association with them. In the ash, heaped up from floor-level to a height of nearly 1 metre above it, there were many dozens of fragments of what proved to be the texts of treaties made by the King of Assyria with foreign princes. By good fortune it has been possible to recover the scattered fragments of one magnificent text which is a document of outstanding importance, possibly the second largest clay tablet known out of the many myriads which have emerged from the soil of Assyria. It measures about 18 by 12 ins. (45.8 by 30.5 cm.), and is inscribed on the obverse and

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 6. THE SANCTUARY OF THE GODDESS TASHMETUM: THE PODIUM IS SIMILAR TO, BUT SMALLER AND LOWER THAN, THAT OF THE GOD NABU, SHOWN IN FIG. 12.



FIG. 8. ONE OF A SERIES OF CURIOUS SMALL SQUARE FOUNDATION-BOXES SET IN THE ANTE-CELLA OF THE NABU TEMPLE: HERE SHOWN BEFORE IT WAS OPENED.

Continued.

reverse in four columns which originally included about 600 lines of text. Miss Barbara Parker, who at the time of the discovery was the epigraphist in charge, immediately identified this weighty tablet as being the text of a treaty made in 672 B.C. by King Esarhaddon of Assyria with a prince of the Medes named Ramateia, who ruled over a district named Urakazabarna. The exact date was given by the name of the eponym—that is, the chief Assyrian official for that year. Towards the top the tablet was sealed by three Royal cylinders which represented first the King between the god Assur and the goddess Ishtar, who

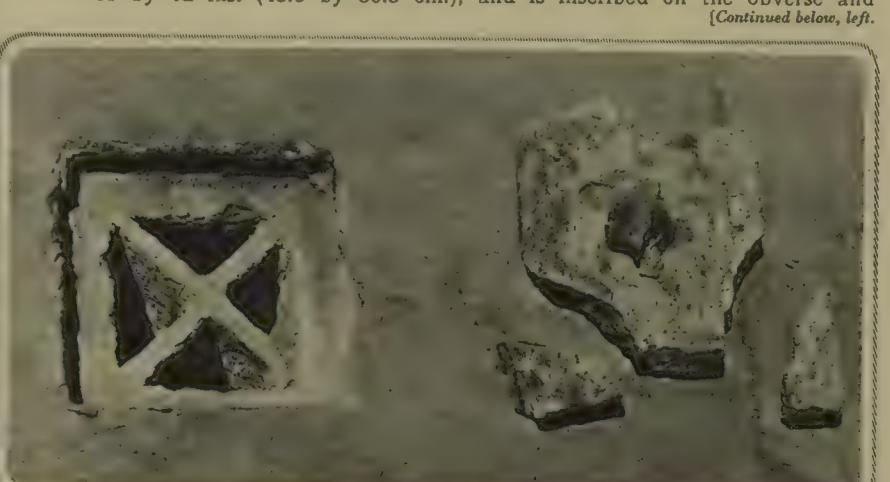


FIG. 9. THE FOUNDATION-BOX OF FIG. 8 AFTER OPENING: IN THE FOUR COMPARTMENTS WERE FOUND SMALL GOLD DISCS, WITH CRISS-CROSS MARKINGS.

are mounted on animals; a second impression depicts the god Adad mounted on a bull, a second god, the King (?) kneeling as a suppliant, followed by Marduk on his dragon. Between these two large impressions there is a third of a much older archaic or possibly archaic seal which mentions the god Assur in the form Ashir; here we see two standing figures—perhaps the god and the King. The superscription across the top of the treaty proclaims that here is the seal of Assur, the King of the gods who will not alter (the terms of the treaty). The formula used is that appropriate to Assyrian contracts: the god becomes the guarantor

[Continued on opposite page.]

THE PALACES AND TEMPLES OF NIMRUD: AERIAL AND EXCAVATOR'S VIEWS.



FIG. 10. THE ACROPOLIS OF NIMRUD FROM THE AIR. THE CONICAL MOUND IS THE REMAINS OF THE ZIGGURAT WITH, BEYOND IT, THE OUTLINE OF THE NORTH-WEST PALACE. TO THE RIGHT IS THE OLD BED OF THE RIVER TIGRIS.



FIG. II. AN AIR VIEW OF THE NABU TEMPLE AND THE SOUTH-EAST BUILDING. LEFT CENTRE, THE SANCTUARIES OF NABU AND TASHMETUM, SIDE BY SIDE; AND, RIGHT OF CENTRE, THE THRONE-ROOM OF KING ESARHADDON AND THE "TRAM-LINES."



FIG. 12. LOOKING INTO THE SANCTUARY OF NABU, THE ASSYRIAN GOD OF SCIENCES AND LEARNING, FROM THE OUTER DOORWAY. THE PODIUM IN THE BACKGROUND, NO DOUBT, ORIGINALLY SUPPORTED A STATUE OF THE GOD.

Continued.]
of the contract and of its validity. It would not be fair to the decipherers of this very difficult and indeed unique document to attempt any detailed description of it at the present time. The tablet is still being cleaned and repaired and it may yet be some months before a fuller account of it can be submitted to *The Illustrated London News*. It is already clear that the King of Assyria was seeking to perpetuate the terms of the treaty, in case of his decease, through his two sons, Assur-bani-pal, the Crown Prince of Assyria, and Shamash-shum-ukin, heir to the throne of Babylon. Indeed, the King goes so far as to mention that respect must also be accorded to the wife of Assur-bani-pal, the Queen-designate. It is equally clear that Esarhaddon was making all possible provision to avoid for his sons

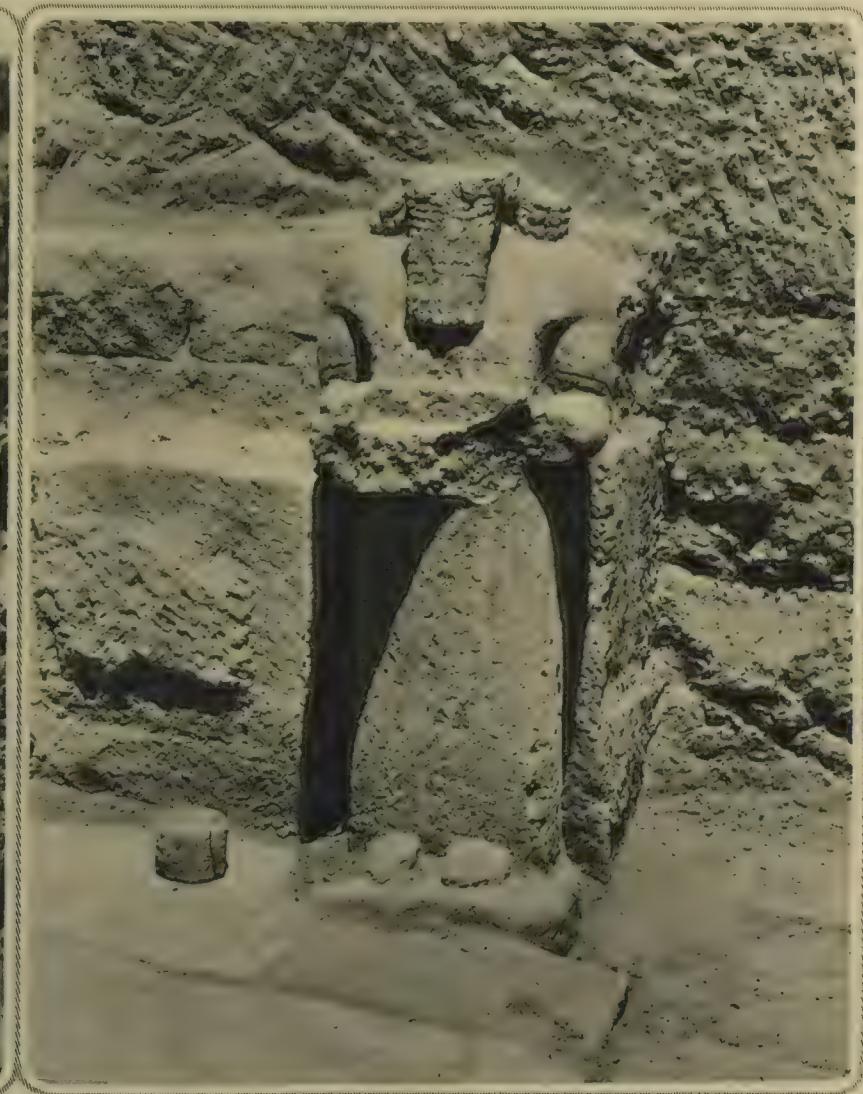


FIG. 13. PROBABLY REPRESENTING THE SERVANT OF THE GOD NABU CARRYING A BOX HOLDING PERHAPS OFFERINGS, OR THE GOD'S PERSONAL TABLETS: A BASALT STATUE, ABOUT 5 FT. HIGH, FOUND AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE.

the troubles that had beset him in obtaining the succession when his own father, Sennacherib, had been murdered. As regards the provisions of the treaty, what has so far been examined are some of the clauses which enjoin the Medes to make common cause with Assyria in case of rebellion, to co-operate in the treatment of fugitives, and in general to treat the enemies of Assyria as the common enemy. All these clauses will be worked out in detail, in due course. The larger part of the reverse appears to be concerned with a list of curses upon the party that infringes any of the provisions which have been stipulated on the obverse. The curses themselves are no less interesting than difficult, and we may look forward to their translation into English.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

PORTRAIT OF A HOUSE-MOUSE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A MOUSE free in the larder is one thing. The same mouse captured alive and held captive in a glass cage is another thing altogether. There its odour is masked, its objectionably insanitary habits are no longer of consequence, and its habit of gnawing everything within reach is inhibited. It becomes just another object for study. Indeed, one can then interview it face-to-face and discover charms which, under other circumstances, are difficult to appreciate.

The translation of this particular house-mouse into a glass-sided cage specially constructed for photographing small mammals proceeded without a hitch. After exploring the full limits of its temporary home, it settled down comfortably in the manner and place typical of its kind, namely, in a corner. This afforded an opportunity for a photograph to be taken—of a mouse sitting in a corner with back to the wall. And it continued to sit there. We talked together

in ordinary conversational tones about what might be done; and we moved about close to the glass of the cage. Nothing seemed to disturb the incarcerated rodent. It was not paralysed with fear, for every so often it would nonchalantly raise the head and fore-quarters, lifting the forepaws off the ground in the attitude of a squirrel. From time to time it would walk in a leisurely fashion across the floor of the cage, and settle in the opposite corner with its back to the other wall. So we obtained several shots of the mouse walking, then one or two of the mouse squatting in the corner. In the intervals we waited hopefully for it to take up a more interesting pose, or to do something, no matter what, that would be more worth photographing. No wonder a cat needs patience!

No noises we made or sudden movements seemed to disturb the mouse. The black, bead-like eyes were still. If they saw anything, there was no reaction to indicate this, and it looked as though they saw nothing. The ears, by contrast, were constantly on the move, sometimes apparently stationary but quivering all the time, sometimes moving rapidly this way and that, even when there were no sounds audible to our ears. There came the moment when, in the hope of inducing a little more animation in our subject, I held my hand 2 to 3 ins. from the glass of the cage and wagged my fingers. The ears moved in close accord with the movements of my fingers, although the eyes remained completely immobile. The mouse itself remained still, the only movement being this extraordinary behaviour of the ears. It was as if the ears could respond to mere disturbances set up in the air by my fingers and impinging on the glass.

It was while Neave Parker had gone indoors to reload his camera, after having taken a dozen or more pictures of a mouse squatting with its back to the wall or walking sedately along the floor of the cage, that I tried something new. It was almost in desperation, to make the animal do something, that I drummed on the glass with the tips of my fingers. The main sound was of the tips of finger-nails on glass. The result was surprising. The mouse began to behave more in

the manner of a circus acrobat. It ran backwards and forwards over the floor of the cage, almost turning a somersault at the end of each run. It tried to scramble up the glass sides of the cage, and when it happened to touch the wire gauze at each end of the cage it ran up and down, giving every indication of

seeking a means of escape. In fact, it gave every appearance of being frantic. When I stopped drumming it returned to the customary corner and started to groom itself vigorously, a sure sign that it had just passed through a period of grievous disturbance. It cleaned its whiskers rapidly with its fore-paws, passed the paws vigorously over the top of the head, the ears and the face and

of them. Even then such reaction as they showed was only barely perceptible. The ears and, less obviously, the whiskers, on the other hand, were continually on the move. By keeping a close watch through the magnifying-glass while a variety of sounds was made, it soon became very evident that the sounds readily audible to the human ear affected a mouse's hearing hardly at all. High-pitched sounds, however slight to the human ear, induced in them considerable agitation, and they also seemed to be picking up sounds when I could hear none.

It is easy to see now the advantage for hunting mice in the cat's velvet paws and retractile claws, as well as the slow surreptitious movements used in stalking. Claws permanently extended, striking even small particles of grit on the ground, would, if my observations can be used as a guide, be instantly picked up by the delicate ears of a mouse.

The final observation gives point to this. We had taken the cage indoors for better lighting, and were standing patiently and silently waiting for the chance of some action pictures. The room was, to human ears, without a sound. The mouse had, of course, returned to its old position in a corner of the cage. I put my forefinger to the glass and, touching it very lightly, moved it in circles of about 4 ins. diameter over the surface. My aim was to see whether there



SITTING IN THE TYPICAL ATTITUDE IN WHICH A HOUSEHOLDER USUALLY SEES IT: A HOUSE-MOUSE WITH ITS BACK TO THE WALL, SHOWING ITS LARGE EARS AND THE BLACK, BEAD-LIKE EYES WHICH SEEM TO BE EXTREMELY MYOPIC.

groomed the fur on flanks and front with its teeth. The speed and energy with which the whole operation was carried out was a measure of the disturbance the animal had experienced.

Admittedly this was the first time I had interviewed a mouse for so long and at such close quarters, but I now began to see it in a new light. Clearly its outlook on the world was different from ours. I fetched a strong reading-glass so that I could watch especially the



CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA AS IT RAN ACROSS THE FLOOR OF ITS TEMPORARY GLASS HOME: THE HOUSE-MOUSE, IN AN ALERT ATTITUDE, APPEARS TO BE TRYING TO WEIGH UP THE SITUATION.



WITH ITS WHISKERS FANNED OUT: THE MOUSE STANDING ON ITS HIND PAWS AS IT TRIED TO SCRAMBLE UP THE SIDE OF THE CAGE WHEN DR. BURTON DRUMMED ON THE GLASS WITH THE TIPS OF HIS FINGERS.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

eyes and the ears. The eyes seemed to be short-sighted to a far greater degree than I would have thought possible. They appeared to react to no movements except those that took place within 2 to 3 ins.

ravages in the larder had been fully expiated through this three-hour ordeal. So, in return for the knowledge gained, it was taken out and given its liberty—at a spot in the woods well away from human habitation.

What happened to the mouse? We felt that any

GRECO-TURKISH TENSION IN CYPRUS: TALKS GO ON AS MORE TROOPS ARRIVE.



GUARDING THEIR SCHOOL FROM POSSIBLE ATTACKS FOLLOWING GRECO-TURKISH CLASHES: TURKISH STUDENTS IN NICOSIA. THERE ARE SOME 100,000 TURKS IN CYPRUS.



ADDRESSING AN ANGRY CROWD OF TURKISH CYPRIOTS, PROTESTING AGAINST THE MURDER OF A TURKISH POLICEMAN: DR. KUTCHUK, LEADER OF THE "CYPRUS IS TURKISH" PARTY.



DISEMBARKING IN CYPRUS: MEN OF THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT, WHO WILL HELP TO MAINTAIN ORDER IN THE MIDDLE EAST.



DEMONSTRATING AGAINST GREEK CYPRIOTS: PART OF A CROWD OF 500 TURKS SHOUTING ANTI-GREEK SLOGANS AT LOUROJINA BEFORE BEING DISPERSED BY SECURITY FORCES.



WELCOMING PARACHUTE TROOPS TO CYPRUS: GEN. SIR CHARLES KEIGHTLEY, C-IN-C., MIDDLE EAST LAND FORCES (RIGHT), WITH MAJ-GEN. A. H. G. RICKETTS (LEFT), TALKING TO BRIG. D. GORDON.



MEETING FOR NEGOTIATIONS ON JANUARY 13: THE GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS, FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING (LEFT), AND ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS.

The explosive situation in Cyprus acquired a new menace with the death on January 11 of Sergeant Ali Riza at the hands of an unknown assailant, believed to have been a member of the EOKA terrorist organisation. This, the first deliberate murder of a Turk during the present emergency, shocked the Turkish population (some 100,000 strong) and provoked communal tension throughout the island. Turkish shops and schools were closed and Turkish language newspapers ceased publication in protest. Enraged Turks gathered outside the home in Nicosia of Dr. Kutchuk, leader of the "Cyprus is Turkish" party, who addressed them and afterwards sent a telegram condemning the assassination to the Governor,

Field Marshal Sir John Harding. Minor clashes between Turkish and Greek Cypriots occurred, and troops and police were called out to quell the fighting. Meanwhile, negotiations between Sir John Harding and Archbishop Makarios on the future of Cyprus continued on January 9 and 13. In view of the generally disturbed situation in the Middle East, troops of the Parachute Regiment and the Highland Light Infantry left Britain for Cyprus on January 12 and 15 respectively; more troops were due to follow within a week. Greek Cypriot terrorism flared up again on January 14 when a British sentry was shot dead; next day, five bomb attacks were reported, but no casualties were caused.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE Monkey Puzzle, *Araucaria imbricata*, is a tree which has always interested me, but which I have never liked. My dislike of it is not violent. I have

always managed to keep it under control—more or less. But I confess that if there were a specimen in my own garden, no matter how fine and large, I would lose no time in removing it. In fact, the larger, the sooner. To me this strange tree has always looked completely out of the picture in English gardens. I remember being called in many years ago as "garden consultant" and spoiling all, purely on account of a Monkey Puzzle tree. The house was rather aggressively "Queen Anne" in front, and almost certainly "Mary Ann" behind, if I may borrow from the late Sir Edwin Lutyens.

A straight drive in orange gravel led up to a large circular bed in front of the front door, the gravel circling the bed in a bold orange sweep. The owner had hair to match, and there were pink ivy-leaved geraniums massed round a 10-ft. Monkey Puzzle, which occupied the centre of the circular bed.

The crashing clashing colour riot was bad enough—the unmellow red brick of the house, orange gravel, orange hair, and pink, ivy-leaved geraniums—yet somehow the Monkey Puzzle seemed the crowning offence. So I just deliberately blotted, not merely my copy-book, but my whole reputation in that particular ménage. I advised, insisted, that before all else the Monkey Puzzle must be removed. It was, of course, the apple of the owner's eye. And so there it all ended. There are occasions when it is useless to attempt to advise, and this was one of them. Luckily I tumbled to it in time, and by putting myself instantly out of court by advising what to my client seemed cruel vandalism, saved a whole lot of cross-purposing on both sides. That was a long, long time ago, so long that I quite forgot the client's name and in what part of the country he and his Monkey Puzzle fraternised. But to this day I can visualise the whole scene of horror most vividly.

On the other hand, I once planted a 30-ft. Monkey Puzzle, deliberately and in cold blood. I was doing a lot of advisory and planting work during the years of development at the Whipsnade Zoo, in collaboration with Dr. S. M. Vevers, the then Superintendent. An island home had been constructed for a family of chimpanzees. There was a cave in which they could keep house, and the whole was surrounded by a wide moat. I suggested to Vevers that it would be appropriate and interesting to provide the chimps with a Monkey Puzzle tree. Cruel? Not on your life. Clearly no chimp would endure more than one smallest prick from the formidable leaves. But after that how would they cope with the situation, for obviously they would never rest contented until they had climbed to the top-most boughs of their "puzzle" tree.

I found a good hearty 30-ft. specimen, a left-over, in a Surrey nursery. Far too big to transplant and survive, but exactly what we wanted. I got it for a song, and away it was sent to Whipsnade by lorry, and there planted on Chimp Island. To my regret I was unable to be there when the chimps were marooned on their island. At first—I was told—they tried climbing by muffling the tree's armature by means of an old sack which, Crusoe-like, they found handy. But finding that not entirely satisfactory they settled down to stripping off the needle-pointed imbricated leaves from the branches, one by one. Doubtless, they convinced themselves that they were doing irreparable damage, and so found it a supremely satisfying occupation. They must have worked with tireless application, for the next time I saw Chimp Island the *Araucaria imbricata* stood a naked, leafless, spineless fraud, no puzzle to any monkey. It rose,

MONKEY PUZZLE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

gaunt and forlorn, from a wide, deep bed of those curious, wide-based pointed leaves, looking as though hundreds of picnickers had feasted there on nothing but globe artichokes. Having served its purpose the tree was eventually removed, and who lives on the island now I have no idea.

It might be thought that *Araucaria imbricata* looks out of place in English gardens, partly on account of its unusual mode of growth, and equally because it comes from the Southern Hemisphere. I thought so myself until I saw it growing wild amid its

native mountains in Southern Chile; and there, to me at any rate, it looked uncomfortably alien, strangely of some earlier age, the Coal Age perhaps. I feel much the same about the broad-leaved and also the whipcord veronicas of New Zealand.

But I confess that I have never seen *Araucaria imbricata* growing in full luxuriance in those moister, milder parts of this country which suit it best. Perhaps there it may fit into the landscape more happily than those which I have seen elsewhere. The tree was first discovered about 1780, and introduced to this country by Archibald Menzies in 1795. The story of its introduction is a good one. Menzies accompanied Vancouver as ship's doctor on his survey voyage, but did an immense amount of plant-collecting as well. In Valparaiso he and his fellow ship's officers dined with the Viceroy of Chile. At dessert some strange nuts were served, a few of which Menzies pocketed, and later sowed in a frame on board. Eventually he landed in England with five young trees, which turned out to be *Araucaria imbricata*, the first to arrive in this country. One of these five specimens survived at Kew until 1892. Bean, in his "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles," tells of having seen seedling plants of *Araucaria imbricata* springing up naturally at Castle Kennedy, near trees from which seeds had fallen. The tree is interesting too, he tells us, as being the only conifer from south of the Equator that attains timber-producing size in the average climate of the British Isles.

The seed-bearing cones of *Araucaria imbricata* are large, and take two seasons to develop, starting in the spring of one year and shedding their seeds in late summer the following year. The conical seeds are about 1½ ins. long and ¾ in. wide.

When I arrived with my travelling companion, Dr. W. B. Gourlay, in the Arauco country of South Chile in 1927, the first thing we noticed on leaving the railway station at Temuco were signs of the Chile pine, *Araucaria imbricata*.

All around the exit from the station were innumerable loafers, largely Araucan Indians, industriously chewing nuts—the seeds of the local Monkey Puzzle. The ground was strewn with the empty husks of the nuts, just as the ground around their opposite numbers in England might be strewn with cigarette-ends, cigarette cartons and sweet wrappings. To my

lasting regret I realise that I failed to sample this delicacy. As a rule, I make a point of sampling local specialities, and as I often visited the market in Temuco, I must have seen them on sale many times.

For some reason or other I had always imagined that the seeds of *Araucaria imbricata* are best roasted before eating, like ground-nuts—and missionaries. But the story of Menzies pinching nuts at the viceregal dinner-party rather scotches that theory, unless, perhaps, they were roasted and Menzies asked his host for a raw sample. An academic point, and, anyway, the pinching makes the story more spicy.

The Monkey Puzzle apparently seeds—fruits—regularly in several gardens in Britain. I wonder how freely. Enough for the owners to send supplies regularly, in season, to those two wonderful shops in Piccadilly which specialise in just such rare and curious delights? In that case, I could rectify my lapse at Temuco.



(ABOVE.) THE HUGE CONES OF THAT MUCH-MALIGNED TREE, THE MONKEY PUZZLE, CHILE PINE, OR *ARAUCARIA IMBRICATA*. THE LARGER CONE IS ABOUT 8 INS. LONG BY ABOUT 6 INS. THICK.

(RIGHT.) THE CONE OF A MONKEY PUZZLE CUT THROUGH. EACH MATURE SEED IS ABOUT 1½ INS. LONG AND IS EDIBLE. THE SEEDS ARE ESPECIALLY POPULAR WITH THE ARAUCAN INDIANS IN CHILE, THE HOME OF THE SPECIES.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.



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FROM THE BAHAMAS TO THE MANSION HOUSE: SOME
NEWS ITEMS FROM FAR AND NEAR.



WHERE A LUXURIOUS CHRISTMAS WAS SPENT IN GLORIOUS SUNSHINE: THE BRITISH COLONIAL HOTEL AT NASSAU, IN THE BAHAMAS. THIS HOTEL ESPECIALLY WELCOMES BRITISH VISITORS.



SET AMID THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY OF THE DOLOMITES, IN NORTHERN ITALY: THE SUPERB SKI-JUMPING HILL BUILT ESPECIALLY FOR THE SEVENTH OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES AT CORTINA D'AMPEZZO.

The Seventh Olympic Winter Games are due to start at Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, on January 26. Already one of the most beautiful of winter-sports resorts, Cortina has been prepared for the Games by the erection of a magnificent ice stadium, a special speed-skating track and the ski-jumping hill illustrated above.



AMONG A LARGE BATCH OF GERMAN PRISONERS RETURNED FROM RUSSIA: ONE-LEGGED MAJOR ERNST KEITEL WALKS PAST A LINE OF WEST GERMAN POLICE. Major Ernst Keitel, the forty-one-year-old son of former Field Marshal Keitel, has been a prisoner in Russia for over ten years. Last year his right leg had to be amputated because of an old-standing trouble. He was among a contingent of 450 who were released by the Russians on January 15. It is believed that they were the last of the un-amnestied Germans due to be released from Russia.



DEMONSTRATING AGAINST THE BAGHDAD PACT IN JORDAN: ONE OF THE GREAT CROWDS AT NABLUS. A SERIES OF DEMONSTRATIONS BEGAN ON JANUARY 7. On January 7 a series of riots and demonstrations began throughout Jordan in protest against the Baghdad Pact. These were thought to be Communist-inspired and they were directed especially against American property. Curfews were imposed and at the time of writing it was reported that order had been largely restored.



UNVEILED AT THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. MARK, FORD, PLYMOUTH: A WOODEN STATUE OF CAPTAIN SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC. On January 15 Admiral Sir Mark Pizay, C-in-C, Plymouth, unveiled this wooden statue of Captain Scott, who led the British Antarctic Expedition of 1910-13. Captain Scott was once a choirboy at St. Mark's. The statue was carved by Mr. David Weeks.



TALKING TO SOME OF HIS YOUNG GUESTS: THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, ALDERMAN C. L. ACKROYD, AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS PARTY AT THE MANSION HOUSE ON JANUARY 14. A happy scene at the annual Lord Mayor's Children's Fancy Dress Party, which was held at the Mansion House on January 14. Alderman Ackroyd is shown among some of his guests, whose attention seems to be divided between him and the photographer. Some 600 children of members of the Diplomatic Corps and of City Officials were invited.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

MAINLY RETROSPECTIVE.

By ALAN DENT.

IN the year that is just over, the English studios have been keeping their end up, the Hollywood ones have let their side down, on the whole, and European and Far-Eastern (especially Japanese) films have permeated us and ingratiated themselves more than ever before.

The very latest of the French contingent is "The Fruits of Summer," a trivial enough, delicate-indelicate, light comedy which is kept interesting and important because it contains one of the best living actresses, Mlle. Edwige Feuillère. I say "one of the best" advisedly, because I am no believer in the agricultural-show system of awards—first, second, third, highly commended, etc.—as applied to the subtle art of acting.

When Mlle. Feuillère came to the Edinburgh Festival last autumn to play Marguerite Gautier in Dumas's dear old drama, she was hailed as "the greatest actress in the world" by dramatic critics who should know better. In the arts, as distinct from the sports, there is never any such thing as "the greatest now

her work cut out. We wonder for the first hour whether we should blame her for taking over a part so unworthy of her high gifts. (It seems for a time just as though Dame Edith Evans, another of the "greatest actresses in the world," had chosen to appear as the real aunt from Brazil in a revival of "Charley's Aunt.") But then we surrender.

And we wonder for the last hour whether Mlle. Feuillère has any rival in the quality of sheer graciousness in acting, unless it be Mlle. Madeleine Renaud in her own country. Before there is any question of greatness, as distinct from graciousness and finesse, she must now

crime-play. It is well-made and well-acted certainly, since its little gang of crooks is headed by Alec Guinness. Moreover, the little old lady in St. Pancras who houses the gang (which pretends to be practising chamber music and not train-robbing) is played by Katie Johnson, a veteran who never gave a bad performance

in her life and has been brought out of her retirement to give her very best one.

Nor did I write about the latest Italian film, "Villa Borghese," which is also still running and has the all-forgiving presence in one of its episodes—they have nothing in common except that each interlude is supposed to happen within the same Roman park—of Vittorio de Sica. Gracie Fields in one of her funniest songs used to have a reference to "that blasé old roué." Mr. de Sica is a roué who is all but, yet never quite, blasé. He runs breathless risks. In his particular episode he is a gent with a car making love to a working-class girl when her pugnacious working-class lover appears. Mr. de Sica extricates himself through the blessed chance of a young park-policeman happening to know him and respect at least his authority and importance. So the Roman nose of Mr. de Sica's roué escapes damage after all, though it has been a very near thing.

With most of my colleagues I am in full agreement with placing "The Dam Busters" (with Michael Redgrave), "The Prisoner" (with Alec Guinness and Jack Hawkins), and for rich comedy "Simon and Laura" (with Kay Kendall and Peter Finch) high among British films of the year. From America, we have all rightly and reasonably hailed "Marty" and "A Star is Born" (with Judy Garland and James Mason) and "Carmen Jones." There has been one

beautiful film from Spain in "Marcelino," at least two masterpieces from France in "Rififi" and "The Fiends," and at least two from Italy in "Umberto D" and "The Overcoat." The truest test for a film is whether one would willingly sit through it twice. Of the films of the past year which I would quite gladly see over again, if there were nothing new to be seen, let me mention—among those not already recommended above—"The Vanishing Prairie" (the latest of Mr. Disney's marvellous Nature series); "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (just for the sheer school-boyish fun of it); "That Lady" (though the sole point of a second visit would be to see Paul Scofield's startling film-début as Philip II of Spain); "Prince of Players" (because with all its imperfections it does show that coming actor of the present, Richard Burton, impressively pretending to be that great actor of the past, Edwin Booth); "The Seven Year Itch" (for some delightful sheer comedy by Tom Ewell and Marilyn Monroe); "Summer Madness" (for its views of Venice as well as its panorama of Katherine Hepburn); and always and anywhere, over and over again, the year's eminently successful revival of "Camille," with the lovely and unsurpassed Garbo herself as Marguerite Gautier.

Finally, it has been a year which has culminated in our very own "Richard III," declared on all sides to be the greatest as well as the latest Shakespearian film. Personally, I would be tempted to award this a special for the Best Horse in the Show, if I had not already come to the above-mentioned decision about not giving any prizes anywhere!



"ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND—IT IS SAD TO HEAR—ONE OF THE LAST OF THE EALING COMEDIES": A SCENE FROM "THE LADYKILLERS," WHICH IS A MICHAEL BALCON-EALING STUDIOS COMEDY-THRILLER IN TECHNICOLOR. MRS. WILBERFORCE (KATIE JOHNSON) ASKS PROFESSOR MARCUS (ALEC GUINNESS, PLAYING THE VIOLIN) AND HIS FELLOW—"MUSICIANS" DOWN TO TEA, WHILE LOUIS (HERBERT LOM; EXTREME LEFT), ONE-ROUND (DANNY GREEN; WITH THE CELLO), THE MAJOR (CECIL PARKER) AND HARRY (PETER SELLERS; RIGHT) LOOK ON HELPLESSLY. (LONDON PREMIÈRE, DECEMBER 8; LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE.)

alive." Even Henry Irving was never so called by responsible criticism when there existed Coquelin and Salvini and Lucien Guitry, and even Beerbohm Tree and the young Forbes-Robertson, to do some things better and some just as well. We might go further and say that in a year like 1900 Bernard Shaw could not be called the greatest of the dramatic critics since, to name no others, there were William Archer and A. B. Walkley in London, and C. E. Montague up in Manchester, being no less wittily perceptive and alert. But let us return to our films.

In "The Fruits of Summer" Mlle. Feuillière plays a lady, practically separated from her diplomatic husband, who is so forbearing with her pretty eighteen-year-old daughter that the latter makes the usual age-old blunder. Should the daughter marry her silly young man (belonging to a set which goes in for "modernism, existentialism, slacks, and every other ism")? Or should the mother pretend the baby is her own, since her husband is anxious for a diplomatic reconciliation so that he may become High Commissioner for Juvenile Delinquency?

Enough has been said about this film to indicate that its plot would be savourless and silly if it were anything other than French. Even so, it would be pretty trying without the redeeming and graceful presence of La Feuillière, who knows perfectly how to turn indelicate farce into delicate comedy. She has



MILLE. EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE IS NOW APPEARING IN THE LEADING RÔLE IN THE FRENCH FILM "THE FRUITS OF SUMMER" (DIRECTED BY RAYMOND BERNARD). (LONDON PREMIÈRE, JANUARY 5; MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.)

In choosing Mlle. Edwige Feuillière as the star of the fortnight Mr. Alan Dent writes: "Like Oliver Goldsmith, in the famous epitaph by Dr. Johnson, this distinguished French actress, Edwige Feuillière, touches nothing which she does not adorn. In a new French film farce she very nearly has to touch pitch. But her marvellous grace and skill keep her well above the defilement of a plot which would seem merely tasteless in any language other than French." Mlle. Feuillière earned high praise both in Edinburgh and London last autumn when she made a personal appearance in "La Dame aux Camélias."



"VILLA BORGHESE" IS AN ITALIAN FILM WITH FIVE EPISODES: "THEY HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON EXCEPT THAT EACH INTERLUDE IS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN WITHIN THE SAME ROMAN PARK." THE STAR OF THE THIRD EPISODE IS VITTORIO DE SICA, WHO PLAYS THE PART OF A NOTED LAWYER. OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HIM SEATED IN THE CAR WITH THE GIRL TO WHOM HE HAS BEEN MAKING LOVE AND WHOSE FIANCE HAS JUST INTERVENED. (LONDON PREMIÈRE, DECEMBER 18; THE CONTINENTALE CINEMA.)

show herself in a far more considerable variety of parts.

Looking back on 1955, I find that I did not review "The Ladykillers," one of the most successful and—it is sad to hear—one of the last of the Ealing comedies. This is still running in London with immense success. Personally, I find it too ghastly to be really comic, and too incredible to be called a thriller or a satisfactory

**FROM HERE AND THERE: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS
ITEMS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.**



FISHING—THE EASY WAY: A BASKET LANDED WITH HERRING BEING HOISTED OUT OF THE WATER BY FISHERMEN WHO ENCOUNTERED A HUGE SHOAL OF HERRING OFF THE NORWEGIAN COAST AT THE BEGINNING OF JANUARY.



THE ADMIRAL IS " ROWED " ASHORE : REAR ADMIRAL C. L. G. EVANS (EXTREME LEFT) IN A WHALER IN WHICH HE WAS " ROWED " FROM THE PORTSMOUTH ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS. Rear Admiral Charles L. G. Evans, Commodore of the Royal Naval Barracks at Portsmouth for two years, was recently "rowed" ashore in a whaler to take up a new appointment. While members of the ship's company pulled the wheeled boat with ropes, senior officers held the oars as the Rear Admiral was brought ashore. Rear Admiral C. L. G. Evans is one of the most famous Fleet Air Arm pilots of World War II.



TO BE AWARDED ANNUALLY: THE SILVER LOUIS BREGUET MEMORIAL TROPHY, PRESENTED BY SIR RICHARD FAIREY TO THE ROYAL AERO CLUB.

Sir Richard Fairey, chairman and managing director of The Fairey Aviation Co., Ltd., has presented this trophy to the Royal Aero Club to commemorate the French aviation pioneer Louis Breguet. It will be awarded annually by the Royal Aero Club for meritorious achievement in the development of any form of aircraft that substantially utilises the advantages offered by rotating-wing aircraft. The trophy is a silver statuette of Daedalus and Icarus.



A RARITY FROM THE MOAT OF A FORTIFIED MANOR: A MEDIEVAL PEWTER COMMUNION CRUET OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, FROM THE SITE OF WEELEY CASTLE, BIRMINGHAM. Medieval pewter is rarer even than mediaeval silver in this country; and this communion cruet, found in stratified deposits in the moat of Weoley Castle, is unique except for a duplicate, in inferior condition, in the British Museum. It is now in Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery. Below a row of fleur-de-lis are acorns and oak-leaves alternating. In the third register is an obscure decoration; and in the lowest are various figures, and on the base the Lamb of God.



A RARE FIND IN A DUNDEE MUSEUM: THE OLDEST NAUTICAL ASTROLABE IN EXISTENCE, WHICH IS DATED 1555 AND SIGNED "ANDREW SMYTON."

While sorting out items which had lain dust-covered and forgotten for years, Mr. J. D. Boyd, the Curator of the Old Dudhope Museum, Dundee, came across a heavy brass instrument which he thought was a mariner's astrolabe, of which there are only six or seven known examples. Confirmation has been received that not only is it an astrolabe, but it is older, by nearly half a century, than any other example. (Reproduced by kind permission of the Dundee "Evening Telegraph.")



AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST DISPLAY OF BIRDS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING THE TWELFTH NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CAGE BIRDS AND AQUARIUMS, HELD AT OLYMPIA FROM JANUARY 12 TO 14, WHICH ATTRACTED LARGE CROWDS.



WINNER OF THE NATIONAL SUPREME TROPHY FOR THE BEST EXHIBIT AT THE CAGE BIRD SHOW: MR. R. SAWYER (LEFT) RECEIVING THE CUP FROM SIR RICHARD HADDON. The twelfth National Exhibition of Cage Birds and Aquaria was held at Olympia from January 12-14. There was a world record entry of over 10,000 birds which came from many countries. The National Supreme Trophy for the best exhibit in the show was awarded to Mr. R. Sawyer, of Haggerston Road, London, E.8, for his King Bird of Paradise, which came from New Guinea. Mr. Sawyer also won the Supreme Trophy four years ago with a ruby-topaz humming bird. The large number of people who visited Olympia each day bore testimony to the ever-increasing popularity of this annual event.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SWANS OF STRATFORD.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IN spite of the resolute Mr. Calvin Hoffman and his designs upon the Chislehurst tomb, this year's Shakespeare Festival is still at Stratford-upon-Avon. The dramatist's name is not in quotation marks, and Marlovians must swallow their wrath and make the journey as usual to Warwickshire (*via* Canterbury and Chislehurst if they like, though it seems a bit roundabout).

At Stratford the swans, glassed in the clear stream of Avon beside the Bancroft, will be moving up inquisitively past the theatre on the evening of April 10. (The season will continue until December 1.) The opening play is "Hamlet," and a good opening it should be—certainly we can vouch for the quality of the piece—with Alan Badel as the Prince and Harry Andrews as Claudius, both Shakespearian with the Stratford mark.

Shakespeare revivals, as I have noted before, have a trick of pressing upon each other. Thus "Hamlet" will be the second major production of the play in four months. (It is directed by Michael Langham.) And when Glen Byam Shaw stages "Othello" on May 29—Harry Andrews as Othello, Emlyn Williams as Iago, a rich pair—we shall be talking still of the Old Vic revival during February, with the parts alternated by Richard Burton and John Neville.

There are three other productions of the Festival season (97th "season," not "year"—there used to be spring and summer programmes, hence the apparently surprising growth since 1879). "The Merchant of Venice" is on April 17; Emlyn Williams as Shylock—his first—Margaret Johnston as Portia, and Margaret Webster to direct. Miss Webster, who came from New York a few months ago to direct "The Strong Are Lonely" for Donald Wolfson, is the daughter of the late Ben Webster and Dame May Whitty, and was once an Old Vic Shakespearian. "Love's Labour's Lost" comes on July 3, with Alan Badel as Berowne and Harry Andrews as Don Adriano de Armado who, I feel, must have taken his name from the Armada. "Measure for Measure" (Emlyn Williams as Angelo, Margaret Johnston as Isabella, Anthony Quayle directing) will begin on August 14. No histories again, we notice, and this year none is in view until, perhaps, the autumn. There we can merely speculate, but the Old Vic has a few left to get into its five-year plan.

After the extraordinary season of 1955, with Sir Laurence Olivier in blaze—when we add his film Richard the Third, no actor of our time can have had a better year—there may be a certain feeling of anti-climax. We need not give way to it. The cast, on paper, promises a good deal, and I hope that there will be no feverish attempt to wring a "story" from the Festival by describing its leads as unfledged Shakespearians.

Nobody would say that of Alan Badel, or of the redoubtable Harry Andrews who, this year, will have his first leading parts: in the past he has always been, shall we say, the strongest of buttressing actors, a memorable Henry the Fourth and Enobarbus. But fashion now seeks to put Emlyn Williams for ever by the desk of his Dickens readings (this in spite of Hjalmar in the current "Wild Duck"), and Diana Churchill is spoken of generally as an actress of

comedy and revue. It should be remembered that Emlyn Williams, in the autumn of 1937 (and without red geranium and forked beard), gave two superb performances of Angelo and Richard the Third at the Old Vic. Angelo's blood was "snow-broth" indeed in the first scenes; and Richard the Third had an evil potency many must yet recall: at least, I hope so. Diana Churchill, the season's Emilia and Gertrude, was in the Old Vic Company of 1949-50—this was in its last year at the New—and it would be unfair to forget her mocking Rosaline in "Love's Labour's Lost," a part that is an early sketch of Beatrice.

Andrew Faulds, who is Laertes, Gratiano, Lodovico, Longaville—a nice hand of four—has been called radio's "Jet Morgan." Certainly all who have listened to "Journey Into Space" know his voice well: I doubt whether the present Astronomer Royal is an addict, but that is another matter. It is hard, in fact, for any regular radio listener not to recognise the voice of this most versatile artist—Jet is a part

All of the Festival plays have their special memories for Stratfordians. For my part, I think of "Hamlet" in terms of the 1948 revival, in which Paul Scofield, in early Victorian costume, used his extraordinary gift of pathos. Anthony Quayle's Claudius, in mutton-chop whiskers, clapped on a silk hat at the end of the Graveyard scene; Polonius was a sub-standard Disraeli; Ophelia (in a floating blue crinoline) entered skimming like the lapwing-Beatrice. Osric was a slithy-toe courtier, the First Player a minor Crummles, and the Ghost the noisiest on record, one to wake the echoes in the cellarage.

"The Merchant of Venice" recalls to me Komisarjevsky's famous fantastic treatment in 1932, with the stages running back and forth and up and down, the lights in a coloured whirl, and Randle Ayrton's Shylock remaining solidly true and Shakespearian in the middle of it all. "Love's Labour's Lost" means both Peter Brook and Watteau, but also the spreading oak of the Bridges-Adams revival of 1934, surely the grandest tree ever planted in the park of Navarre.

"Othello" summons Godfrey Tearle at the height of his performance; it means also a night in the Greenhill Street cinema—then used as a temporary theatre—during the Spring Festival of 1930. Wilfrid Walter and George Hayes joined in an Othello—Iago duet that is recalled by many who refuse to believe that the history of Stratford began a decade ago, and that performances before then were uniformly mediocre.

"Measure for Measure" brings up the Brook-Gielgud revival of 1950, with Gielgud's Angelo beneath the wavering cresses. It reminds me of a tingling little performance of Shakespeare's other Juliet, a matter of ten lines and two minutes, by Hazel Penwarden, and of George Rose's Pompey, own cousin of the oil-and-colour boys who frequent street corners in Soho. Further, we can remember that although in 1884 Stratford did not grumble about the presentation of

APPEARING AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON DURING THE 1956 SEASON.



WELL KNOWN IN REVUE AND MODERN DRAMA: MISS DIANA CHURCHILL, WHO WILL BE SEEN AS THE QUEEN IN "HAMLET," EMILIA IN "OTHELLO" AND MISTRESS OVERDONE IN "MEASURE FOR MEASURE."



A SHAKESPEARIAN WITH THE STRATFORD MARK: MR. HARRY ANDREWS, WHO WILL APPEAR AS THE KING IN "HAMLET," AS OTHELLO, AND AS DON ARMADO IN "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST," NONE OF WHICH RÔLES HE HAS PLAYED BEFORE.



ANNE IN THE OLD VIC'S "HENRY THE EIGHTH" IN 1953: MISS JEANNETTE STERKE, WHO WILL BE SEEN AS ROSALINE IN "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST," JESSICA IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AND BIANCA IN "OTHELLO."



AT PRESENT PLAYING HJALMAR IN "THE WILD DUCK": MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS, WHO WILL PLAY SHYLOCK AND IAGO FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND ANGELO IN "MEASURE FOR MEASURE," WHICH HE ACTED AT THE OLD VIC TWENTY YEARS AGO.



AN AUSTRALIAN ACTRESS: MISS MARGARET JOHNSTON, WHO WILL BE PLAYING SHAKESPEARIAN RÔLES FOR THE FIRST TIME AS PORTIA, DESDEMONA AND ISABELLA IN THE FORTHCOMING SEASON AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.



PROMINENT IN PAST STRATFORD SEASONS: MR. ALAN BADEL, WHO WILL PLAY STRATFORD'S FIRST HAMLET FOR EIGHT YEARS, AS WELL AS RODERIGO IN "OTHELLO," BEROWNE IN "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" AND LUCIO IN "MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

he takes in his planetary stride. As for his Shakespearian background, we can point to the Stratford-upon-Avon seasons of 1944 and 1945. Jeannette Sterke, the Rosaline, Jessica, and Bianca of this Festival, is described as a star from television, as no doubt she is. We should remember also that she was Anne in the Old Vic's resplendent "Henry the Eighth" during Coronation year, 1953.

Indeed, the only major artist this season who has never ventured into Shakespeare is Margaret Johnston. She is going in with a happy enthusiasm. Portia, Desdemona and Isabella are not an easy trio, and no one next December will be able to call Miss Johnston an unpractised classical actress. She has been, in some ways, unlucky in the theatre. For all her fine and developing talents, she has not appeared in a long run since "Murder Without Crime" nearly fourteen years ago. One thinks of her as, for example, the repressed girl in "Summer and Smoke," and Elizabeth in a revival of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

The rest of the Stratford cast has such reliable figures in it as George Howe, Basil Hoskins and Anthony Nicholls. Dilys Hamlett was in last season's company: she is Ophelia on April 10, and maybe she should act under a pseudonym.

"Measure for Measure" in the then new Memorial Theatre (Miss Alleyn as Isabella), the Vicar and some of the townsfolk protested indignantly in 1908 (William Poel's revival) against a play that was "unfit for public representation," one of the oddest protests in Stratford history.

The tomb beneath the chancel of Holy Trinity Church remained undisturbed; Shakespeare might well have started up in astonishment. Incidentally, I notice that Mr. Calvin Hoffman, in a book* on his Marlowe theory (which I am not reviewing here), goes a little far when he includes in his list of "parallelisms" these extracts:

HERO AND LEANDER (Marlowe)
Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which
I wear.

and

EPIPHANY (on William Shakespeare's tomb at Stratford, said to have been written by William Shakespeare).
Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.

What in the world is one to say to this "parallel" except "Good friend, forbear!"?

* "The Man Who Was Shakespeare." By Calvin Hoffman. (Max Parrish; 15s.)

MEMORIALS AND INVENTIONS : SOME ASPECTS OF MAN'S INGENUITY—AND THE PAST.

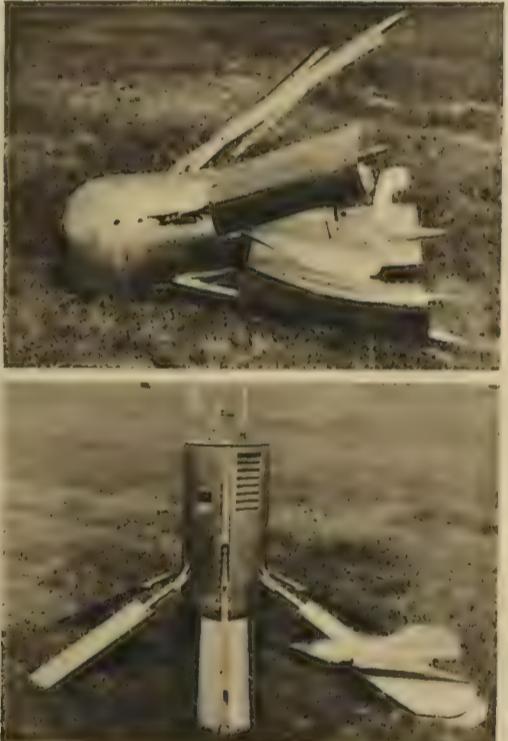


(ABOVE.) WADING INTO THE SEA TO RECOVER A STRANDED LANDING-CRAFT: A HUGE RETRIEVER VEHICLE MADE FOR THE U.S. ARMY BY THE R. G. LE TOURNEAU CO. IT CAN STRADDLE A 67-TON CRAFT AND HOIST IT. ITS FOUR TYRES ARE AMONG THE WORLD'S LARGEST.



(ABOVE.)
THE CENTREPIECE OF AN UNUSUAL WAR MEMORIAL AT EALING GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR BOYS: A SCULPTURE SYMBOLISING FLIGHT, BY WILLI SOUKOP.

In 1950 a room devoted to quiet and to the development of interest in the fine arts was dedicated as the war memorial of the Ealing Grammar School for boys. Eighty-nine of the ninety-five old boys on the Roll of Honour shown in our photograph lost their lives in the air. It is very fitting that the piece of sculpture recently acquired for this room should symbolise flight.



DROPPED BY PARACHUTE; ERECTING ITSELF; AND, FINALLY, BEGINNING TO TRANSMIT WEATHER INFORMATION: A U.S. "GRASSHOPPER" WEATHER STATION (IN THREE STAGES) DESIGNED FOR USE AT VARIOUS POINTS IN THE ANTARCTIC, BY THE U.S. EXPEDITION "OPERATION DEEP FREEZE."



FAST DETERIORATING: THE WRECK OF THE 116-YEAR-OLD WOODEN BATTLESHIP CONWAY, WHICH HAS LAIN BEACHED NEAR THE MENAI SUSPENSION BRIDGE SINCE 1953. TENDERS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED BY THE CAERNARVON HARBOUR TRUST FOR BREAKING HER UP.

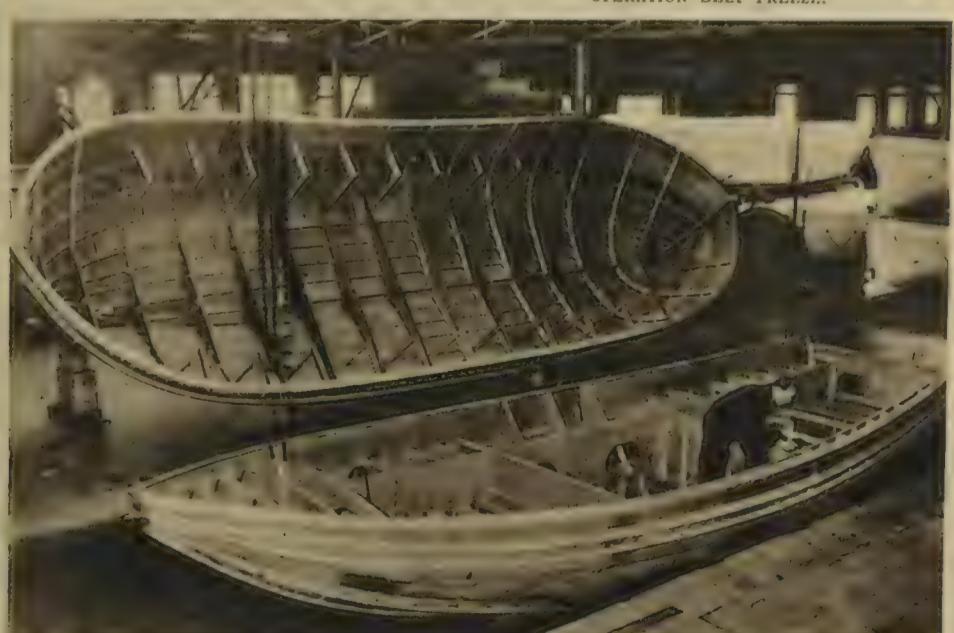


CARRYING UP TO SIX ADULTS AND THEIR LUGGAGE: THE NEW FIAT MULTIPLO, WHICH MADE ITS DÉBUT IN BRUSSELS.

An unusual small car which made its début at the Brussels Motor Show is the Fiat *Multiplo*, which may well influence small car design throughout the world. With a load of up to six adults and luggage, it is capable of 60 m.p.h. and an overall petrol consumption, driven hard, of 45 m.p.g. There is no bonnet and the engine is at the back. The car, which resembles a streamlined miniature coach, is 11½ ft. long and just under 4 ft. wide.



THE COURT ROOM AT DORCHESTER, WHERE THE TOLPUDDLE MARTYRS WERE TRIED: RECENTLY ACQUIRED AS A MEMORIAL BY THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS. The Trades Union Congress, in agreement with the Dorchester rural council, has taken over the ownership of the old Crown Court at Dorchester. It was here that the six Tolpuddle Martyrs were tried in 1834 for their part in forming a trade union and sentenced to transportation. The room will be preserved as a national memorial to the six men.



MADE ENTIRELY FROM ALUMINIUM: TWO EXAMPLES OF A NEW TYPE OF LIFEBOAT WHICH ARE BEING BUILT IN A SHIPYARD AT AALSMER, IN HOLLAND. THE NEW LIFEBOATS WILL BE USED BY RESCUE SQUADS ON THE DUTCH NORTH SEA COAST.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ONE thing an age of experiment cannot provide, or soon ceases to provide, is an effect of novelty. When we want a really new author, we have to look out for an old one; that is to say, a new old one. Luckily they are still coming in, and still, apparently, out of the top drawer. "The Infant with the Globe," by Pedro Antonio de Alarcón (Trianon Press; 15s.), may not be the most fetching of these exotic revivals—tastes differ, and I should give my own vote for Machado de Assis. But it is one of the most striking; and it has the unique happiness of being translated and sponsored by Mr. Robert Graves. I am not talking of "prestige value." I mean that his version has the gait of a distinguished original, and his introduction leaves one nothing to do but crib.

From him we learn that this extraordinary hotchpotch of romance, fable and satire contains an astounding deal of fact. For example: it seems just like Manuel Venegas, the preposterous and transcendent "Infant," to be descended from an Andalusian warrior and a Moorish princess "of the blood of Mohammed." And yet in fact, Alarcón simply endowed the hero with his own ancestry. Manuel is his Byronic glorified "fetch"; the City is his home town; even the drama has a concealed strain of autobiography. Its Byronic and Hugo-esque inspiration has been transmuted into something quite different: something at once ultra-Spanish and vaingloriously "semi-African." And while Byron and Hugo never ironise over their "sublime" figures, Alarcón does it *sans gène*, and sometimes may or may not be doing it. As in the case of Manuel's father—that pink of Spanish-Moorish highmindedness, who retrieves the papers of a blood-sucking old usurer from a burning house, thanks him for the original small loan, and "dies in convulsions." Don Elias is an equally heroic character; he sells up the estate, ejects the orphan, and complains of getting only two million *reals* instead of three. Manuel is adopted by the parish priest. For three years he is speechless. Then he begins to study revenge. But at thirteen, he encounters Don Elias's only child, and the Revenger's Tragedy becomes the tale of Romeo and Juliet—again in ultra-heroic terms. From first to last, these lovers never exchange a word. Manuel is content with staking his claim to Soledad, and then goes off to seek his fortune—after vowed to kill anyone who even looks at her. The townsmen don't dare; but Don Elias succeeds in marrying her to a stranger, literally on his deathbed. After eight years, Manuel re-enters the City with untold gold: and we have not one ending but two. At first he means to kill everyone. Then, purged by a night of struggle with his foster-father and his better self, he renounces and rides away. And lastly, he is recalled for the true, tragic and fatal ending.

If I mentioned it, you might laugh. And yet it fits; everything somehow fits, though the action is 90 per cent. fabulous, whereas the onlookers, with their pretence of dismay and disguised hankering for bloodshed, are maliciously realistic. A very strange brew.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Story-Teller," by Gil Buhet (Cape; 13s. 6d.), seems to have been rather disappointing, and even perplexing, to admirers of "The Honey Siege." I can't think why; to me it seemed perfectly lucid, and more distinguished. "The Honey Siege" was pure charm; this is a much odder, subtler little story, with a light and volatile, yet indescribably wry flavour. The scene is Lyons, early in 1945; and even if there were no other interest, one would be caught straight off by the fag-end-of-the-war atmosphere. It is so drab—and yet it has a wonderfully poetic aura. And so it ought; for the narrator, Gilbert du Plessis, is a sad, romantic young man, in poor health and joyless circumstances, but green of heart. His career has been immobilised by the paper shortage, and he is earning his bread as "literary manager" of a so-called publishing firm. In other words, he is odd-job boy to a "sea-elephant." At this date, anyone can commence publishing if he has the paper. M. Fridolin Pouille can get paper. He can get anything—and his non-stop improvisations, his chaotic genius, his repulsive personal habits, his illimitable yet rather taking villainy, make up half the subject. This part is riotous in itself; but it is cruel fun to the romantic young dogsbody. And then his dream walks into the office. An enchanting Unknown brings him a nameless, sweet-scented, unfinished manuscript. Clearly, it is Marjolaine's own story. But what happened in the end?... She doesn't know—and Gilbert chivalrously undertakes to find out. This is the grimmer half of the joke: as intensely 1945 as the atmosphere of Lyons, or the activities of M. Pouille, who has a superb rôle in it. There are different kinds of "well-made" plot, and "The Story-Teller" is not so much an edifice as a spider's-web.

"The Trembling Earth," by Francis Clifford (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.), may be defined as a heroic little anecdote with a moral. Once more we are in Spain. Early on a hot August day, two neighbouring villages experience an earth tremor. At first there seems to be little harm done. Then the priest of Alquena notices his great bell, torn from its mounting, and precariously jammed above the church roof. It ought to come down at once, but he is alone with the old sacristan—till Honorato comes tearing in from the next village, worrying about his sweetheart. Honorato is employed at the cannery factory, and has been infected with free thought; yet for Maria's sake, he helps with the bell. Very grudgingly at first; but after an epic, all-day struggle, it is his bell—and it has called the whole village. The force of this tale lies in its vivid, minute rendering of physical crisis. The characters are endearing; but they are pseudo-Spanish, and the moral quality is not stark enough.

"A Private Volcano," by Lance Sieveking (Ward Lock; 10s. 6d.), is labelled science-fiction, and recommended as "a story of the future which does not predict universal gloom." But then it has only a modicum of future, and is not real science-fiction. In 1953, Hilary Barrington, an exuberant and irrepressible ne'er-do-well, and his nephew Martin, a more thoughtful, high-minded type, go looking for hidden treasure on a desert islet in the Pacific. Instead, they run into an earthquake, an eruption—and the Philosopher's Stone.... What started as a comic, easy-going Arabian Night suddenly breaks out in a rash of rather grim incidents. Too bad, when the earlier pattern was such fun.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BOOKS OF THE STAGE, JOURNALISM, ALMSHOUSES AND FASHION.

LOOKING through a pile of books which had been on my conscience for some time (either we are the most literate race in the world, or our publishers are the most optimistic—for surely somebody must consume our vast output of books), I found myself attracted by "Just a Little Bit of String," the autobiography of Ellaline Terriss (Hutchinson; 21s.). In an age when bobby-soxers swoon over unpleasant-looking young crooners with permanently breaking hearts, it is difficult to recall the ascendancy exercised by great and famous actresses like Miss Terriss. Almost the first theatrical joke I ever heard was about the authoress of this autobiography, and it is difficult to decide for whom I had the greater admiration, Miss Terriss or that wonderful actor, her husband the late Sir Seymour Hicks. They made a runaway marriage which is one of the most charming romances in the history of the stage, and that marriage was supremely happy. Listen to Sir Seymour describing his first meeting with her: "I listened to the little quiet silvery voice I heard at intervals making a few criticisms of the pictures on the wall, and when the owner of that voice turned and looked at me before passing through the doorway, I saw one of the prettiest and most gentle women I had ever looked upon. It seemed to me that I was in the presence of some fairy, elfish thing. She was quite unlike the usual style of actress I had up to then known. Her manner was very self-possessed and business-like, and with only a casual look at the poor theatre prompter, there passed out of the room one whose eyes I was not destined to look into for four long years." Their partnership on the stage was as happy as their partnership in private life. This pleasant and unaffected autobiography will be a delight to historians of the modern theatre as to any lover of a pleasant tale about a beautiful and talented woman.

Of Seymour Hicks, Beverley Baxter, M.P., the author of "First Nights and Footlights" (Hutchinson; 21s.), truly says: "It is easy to say that we shall not look upon his like again, but it is not less true for that. He belonged to the age of wit, of good conversation and good wines when dining was an art and acting was a profession instead of an occupation. . . . Like Jimmy Agate he had the heart of a sentimental and the tongue of a satirist. To dine with him at the Garrick Club was to be rendered giddy with his hospitality and his scintillating mind. . . . From the moment that he first met Ellaline Terriss he loved her with a tenderness that deepened with the years; and in the warmth of his affection she grew more lovely with the years." I always enjoy "Bax's" critiques. They are witty, intensely readable and only occasionally a trifle malicious. I particularly liked his interchange with Mr. Ken Tynan over his critique headed "The Worst Hamlet I Have Ever Seen." It put me in mind of Damon Runyan's theatre critic who wrote something to this effect: "After Mr. So-and-So's performance as Hamlet last night, the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy can now be ended. All that is necessary is to open their graves and see which one has turned."

Another book which out of piety, quite apart from enjoyment, I should have reviewed some time ago is "Peterborough Court—the Story of the Daily Telegraph," by Lord Burnham (Cassell; 18s.). Lord Burnham in his author's note says "I present my first and last book." I sincerely hope that this is not true, for this "labour of love," as he describes it, is most admirably compiled. It is a story of a great paper and its growth from being the precursor of the yellow Press to the most widely read of the "quality" papers which lend distinction to British journalism. I have only one quarrel with Lord Burnham, and that is that he omits the delicious story, which he once told me, of that great Bohemian and great editor, George Augustus Sala, and "the Christmas leader"! For anybody who had the privilege of starting their working life in Peterborough Court, this book is of particular and absorbing interest, but it is of an interest which will also undoubtedly be shared by the ordinary reader. Incidentally, regular readers of the *Daily Telegraph* may be puzzled by the *nom de plume*, "Peterborough," of a principal columnist in British journalism. This, like the title of the book, comes from the fact that the offices of the *Daily Telegraph* are built over the site of the London hostel of the Abbots of Peterborough, and it was behind the present offices that Mr. J. M. Levy, the printer, started operations just over a hundred years ago. The growth of the paper which, up to the impingement of Northcliffe and the *Daily Mail*, for so long carried the footnote to its (to modern minds) grossly overcrowded contents bills, "the largest circulation in the world" necessitated the move in 1860 to its present site, 135, Fleet Street, which covers the whole of the old Peterborough Court. As Lord Burnham says: "the young lions had found their den." The "young lions" of Peterborough Court were part and parcel of the tradition in which generations of *Daily Telegraph* journalists were trained and to which this minor cub, at least, looks back with affection to the past and with gratitude to Lord Burnham for his delightful evocation of it.

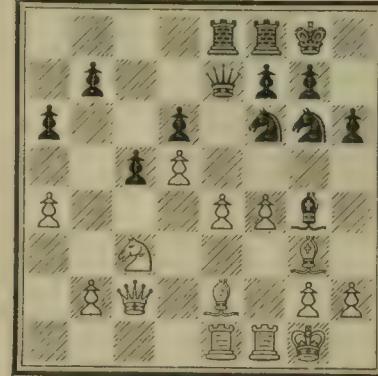
Messrs. Faber and Faber are greatly to be congratulated on "The English Almshouse," by W. H. Godfrey (36s.). This is a distinguished book and of anyone interested in our history and the history of architecture. Mr. Godfrey traces the development of almshouses, from their origins as mediaeval hospitals to their being the pleasant adjuncts of the Welfare State which they are to-day. He explains why it is that our almshouses are such peculiarly beautiful monuments of design and craftsmanship, and how the quadrangular plan, which we now associate so largely with them, became popular after the Middle Ages, and never subsequently lost that popularity. The photographs in themselves are a revelation of the variety and richness of this particular aspect of our national heritage. As I say, a distinguished and beautiful book.

Another attractive book is Mr. Vyvyan Holland's "Hand-Coloured Fashion Plates—1770 to 1899" (Batsford; 42s.). Mr. Holland rightly dedicates it to "my friend James Laver," for, like Mr. Laver, he constructs from the basis of feminine fashion a pleasant picture of the social history of the period, and the countries which he covers. I fear, however, that this book is liable to be despoiled. I can see the coloured plates being cut out to form the decoration of table-mats!

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

BY BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

Two eventful situations from Hastings:
PERSITZ (Black).

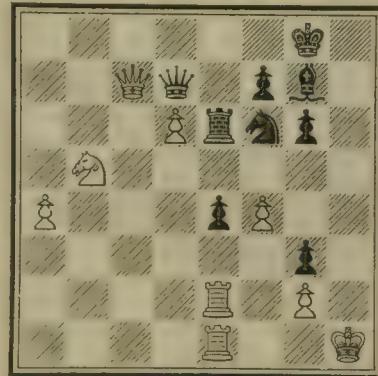
KORCHNOK (White).

Here White could, by the almost painfully obvious 21. P-K5, have won a piece. As any move of the attacked knight would lose Black's bishop, he must try 21. . . . B×B; but then comes 22. P×Kt attacking both his queen and bishop, which is left pinned even after 22. . . . Q-K6ch; 23. R-B2, and is, indeed, doomed.

No other play avails Black much—e.g., 21. . . . P×P; 22. P×P, Kt×KP; 23. B×B, Kt(B3)×B; 24. P-R3 and, with two pieces *en prise*, he must lose one of them.

Instead of winning a piece and—undoubtedly—the game, Korchnok played 21. . . . B×B? He only drew; the lost half-point meant that he eventually only tied with the young Icelander, Olafsson, instead of winning the tournament outright.

OLAFSSON (Black).



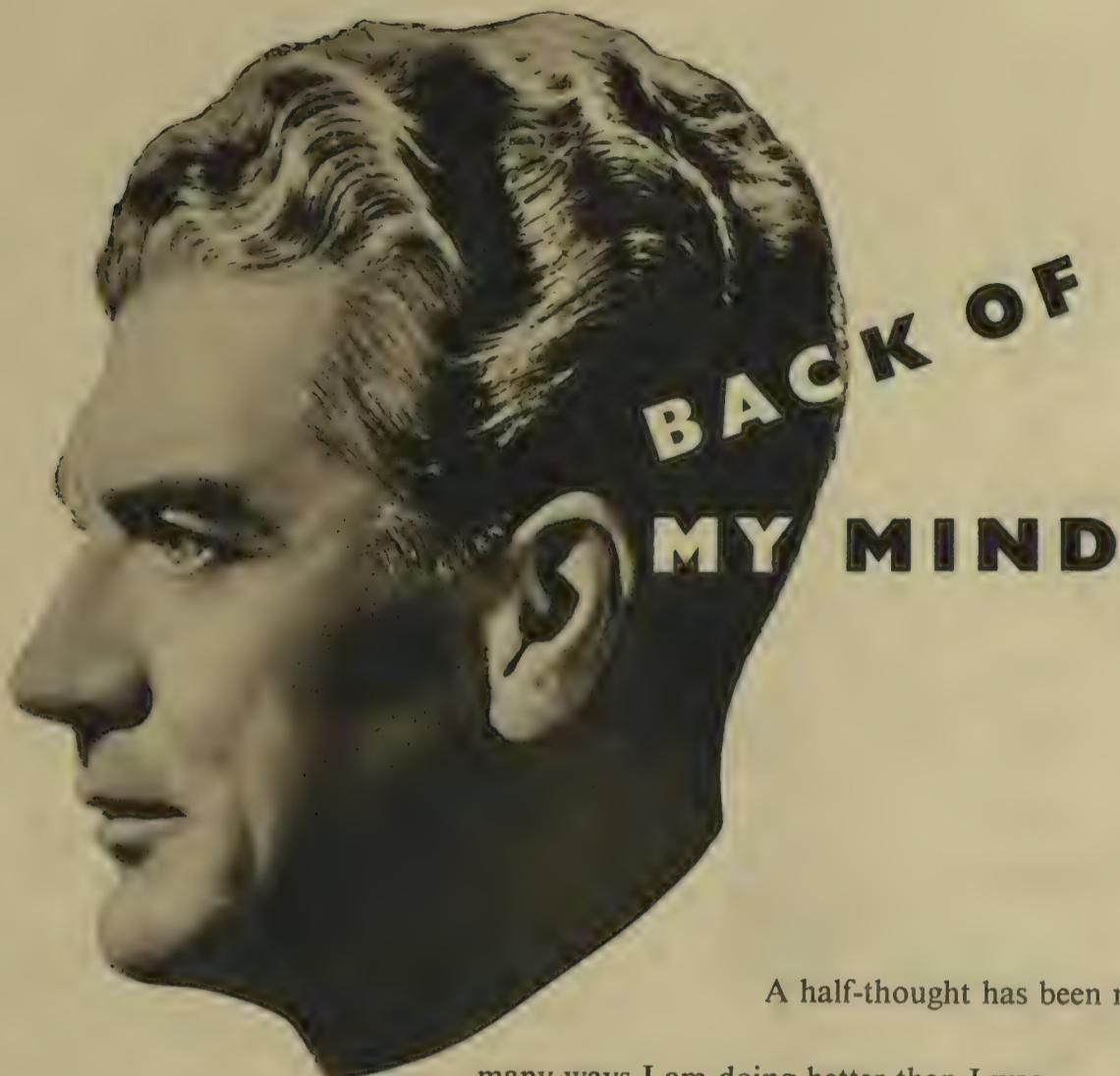
PENROSE (White).

But that same Olafsson had a critical passage against Penrose. The exchange down with a dead lost game in the diagrammed position, he played the desperate but inspired 41. . . . R×P!?

Now 42. Q×R would have left White a rook to the good. The attack Black obtains could be weathered: 42. . . . Q-Kt5 (*threat: mate in three starting . . . Q-R4ch*); 43. K-Kt1, Q-R4; 44. Q-Kt6, Q-R7ch; 45. K-B1 (the point of White's 44. Q-Kt6 is now clear: it is, to answer 45. . . . Q-R8ch by 46. Q-Kt1).

Black has now various resources but none seems adequate. Penrose, however, preferring a small but "adequate" endgame advantage to the dangers of this more ambitious line, played 42. Q×Q, only drew . . . and the half point Olafsson thus snatched from a lost game enabled him to tie for first place in the end, instead of . . .

And so life goes on!



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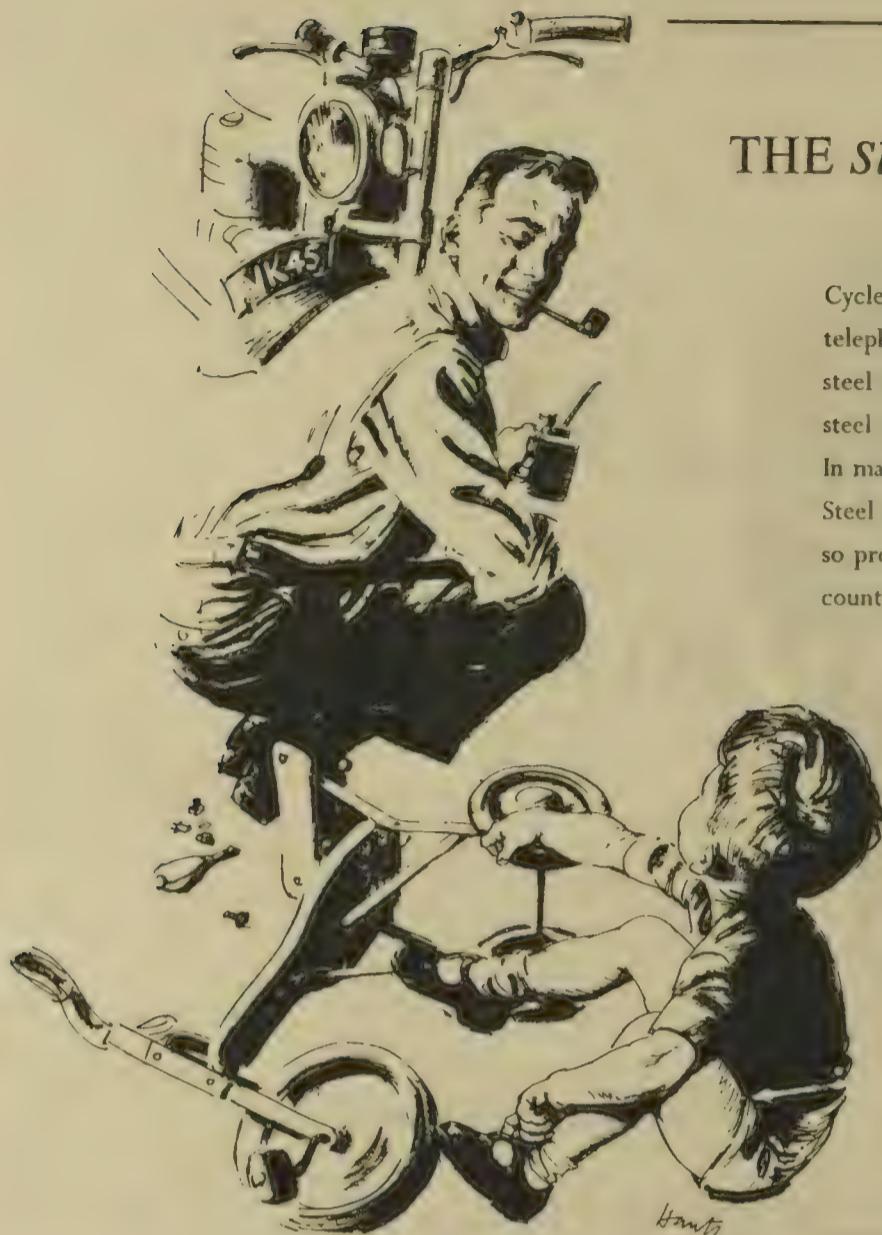
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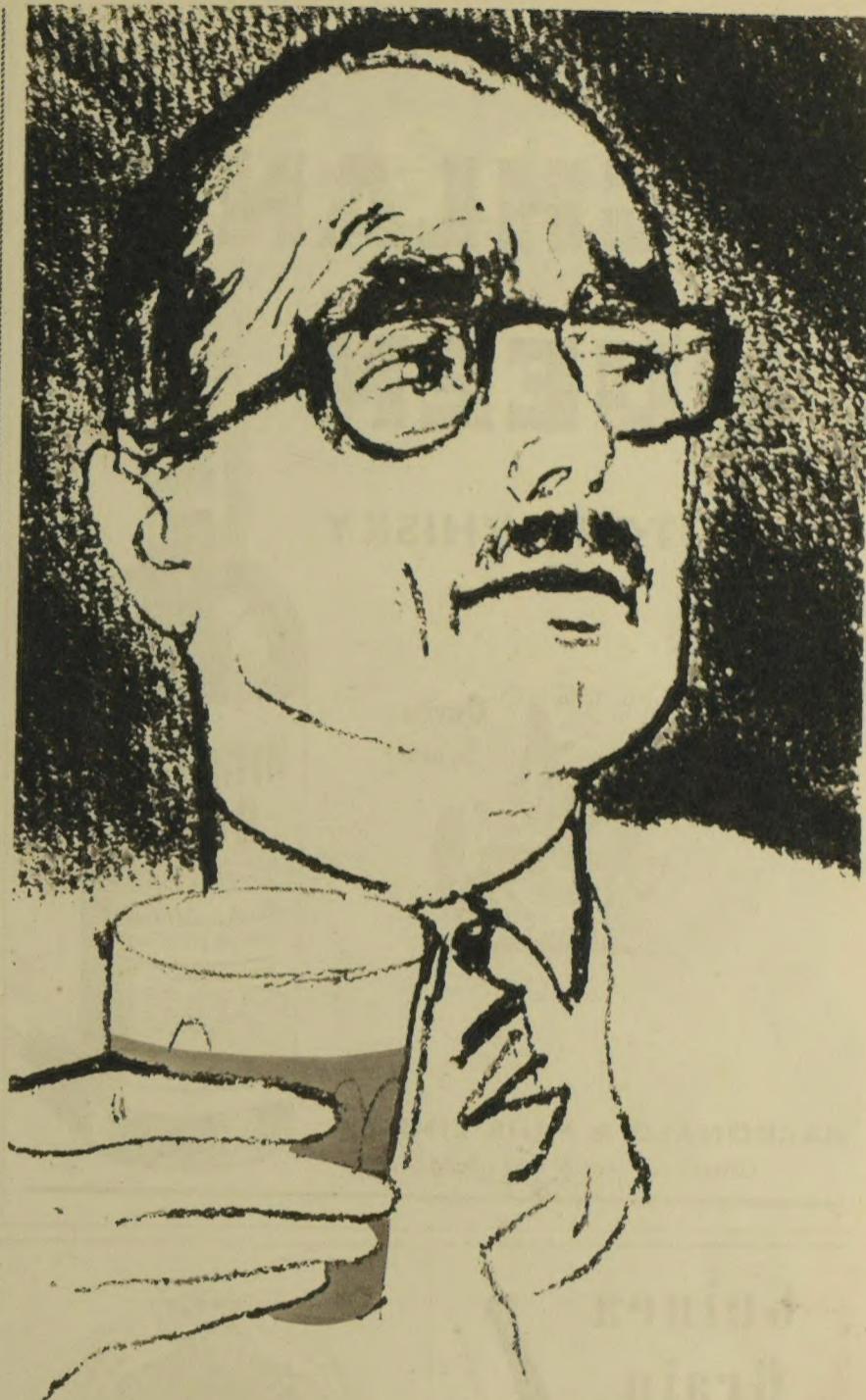
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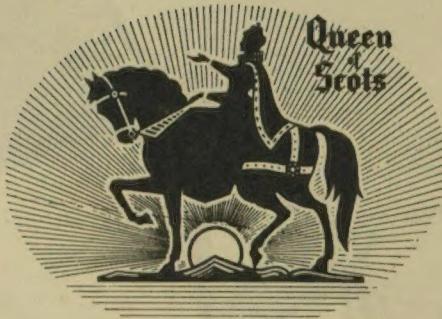
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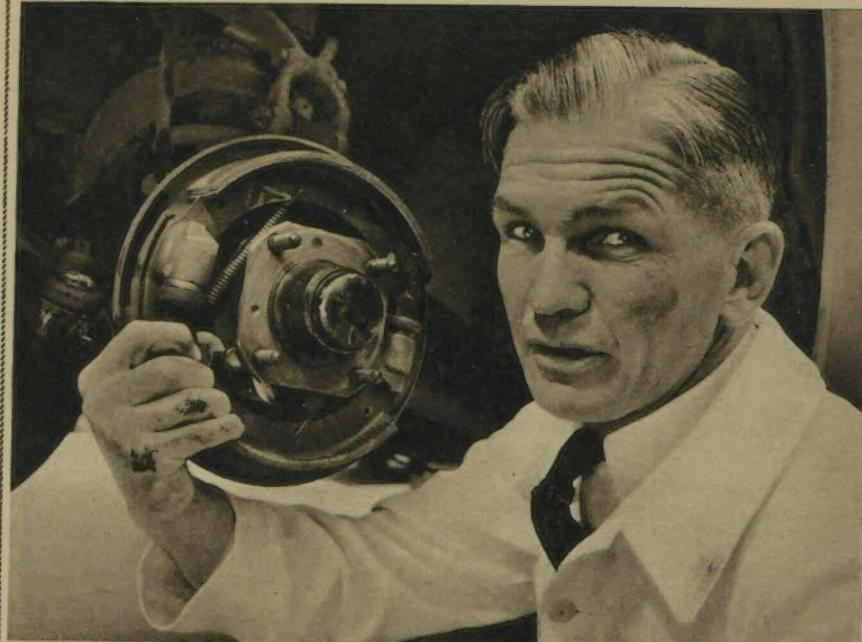
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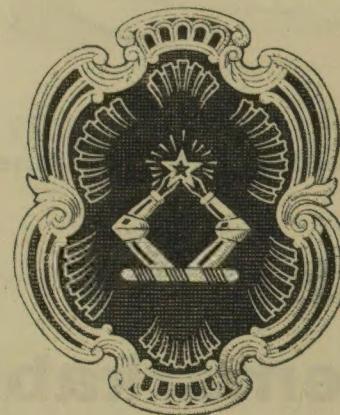
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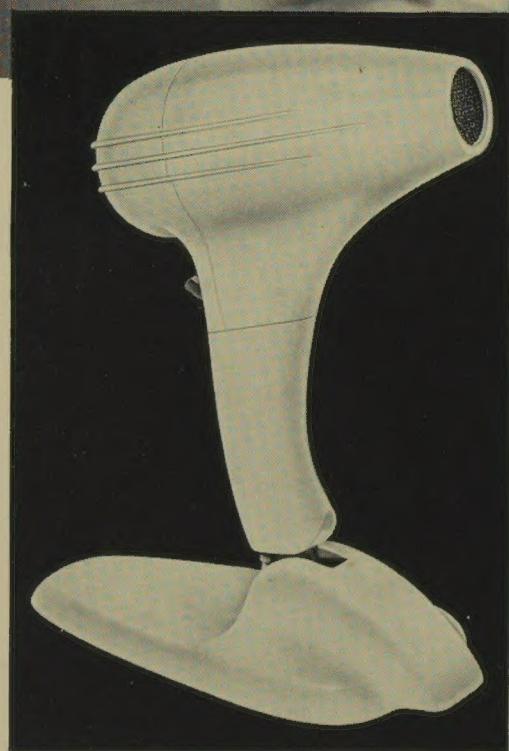
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